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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Diary of the Week.

LAST Thursday it was announced that the Conference, after twenty-one meetings, had failed to come to an agreement, and that no explanation of this failure would be given. The former statement is more satisfactory to Liberals than the latter. We presume, however, that some definite information as to the nature of the Conference will be placed before Parliament. For, although the Conference was an entirely extra-Constitutional procedure, its representative character, and the influence it has exercised upon the course of public business, make it reasonable and proper that some account of its conduct should be rendered to the House of Commons and the country. Complete reticence would not be likely to popularise this method of negotiation.

Now that the Conference is over, we revert to the situation of last April as set forth in Mr. Asquith's declaration of April 14th. Presumably, the Veto resolutions will, in accordance with this policy, be put to the Lords without delay. The Lords, however, may impose delay by adopting the procedure which they indicated last May and preferring to the Commons' Resolutions the further Resolutions drafted by Lord Rosebery for the reconstruction of the Upper House. In that event the rejection of the Government proposals by the Lords may not occur until early next year. Rejection, however, is assured. What then? Though it is generally agreed that an election is likely to follow, this ought not to be assumed as quite inevitable. For the first step which

Mr. Asquith indicated is that of approaching the Crown in order "to tender advice as to the steps which will have to be taken if that policy is to receive statutory effect in this Parliament." Since that statement was made, a prolonged experiment in conciliation has been attempted on the express suggestion of the King, the effect of which is to afford a substantial though informal proof of the necessity of applying to the problem the solution embodied in the Government's proposals. It ought to be considered possible that the Crown might accept Mr. Asquith's advice without imposing on the electorate a repetition of the clear mandate of last January.

STRIKING articles were published in several Conservative organs this week urging the Unionist leaders to conciliation. The "Standard" on Thursday offered them the two inevitable alternatives of Devolution, *alias* Home Rule all Round, or "Parnellite Home Rule," which they interpreted as Separation. As the crisis approaches, it seems evident that the anticipation of an election is striking panic into the hearts of Unionist electioneers. Another defeat for Tariff Reform must be averted at any cost. If Irish Home Rule, covered up under the larger cloak of Devolution, is the price, then they are prepared to pay it. Apart, however, from the heated advocacy of the "Observer," there are many signs that Home Rule all Round is commending itself in Tory quarters as a mode of cutting England free from the Celtic fringe, and securing a permanently Tory House of Commons to take the place of the presently deposed House of Lords as defender of vested interests.

MR. ASQUITH, in his Guildhall speech, followed precedent in excluding contentious domestic issues from his survey. Indeed, the greater part of his rather brief address concerned itself with what we may term pacific generalities on foreign and home affairs. There were two exceptions to this generality. He took the opportunity of tendering a somewhat detailed explanation of our policy in Persia. In our offers of assistance, financial and other, there was nothing "inconsistent with the independence or the integrity of that country." At the same time, should Persia refuse to restore order, "we must reserve the right to adopt any measures that may be found necessary for the protection of British interests."

THE other topic—a very serviceable one for a City audience—was the extraordinarily favorable condition of our foreign trade, as disclosed by the latest statistics. The advance in imports for the ten months of this year upon the corresponding period of last year amounts to 43 millions, the advance of exports of our goods to 45 millions, bringing us close to the record of 1907. He pointed, moreover, to the crushing refutation of Protection afforded by the fact that the expansion of exports of our manufactured goods was greater than that of any other class, exceeding even that for the year 1907, if an allowance were made for the inflated prices of that earlier record.

ON Sunday night and Monday the strike in the Cambrian Combine collieries spread rapidly throughout the

Rhondda Valley. The men marched on Monday from pit to pit compelling the engineers to cease work in the power-houses. On Monday night serious rioting broke out, and was continued on Tuesday and Wednesday. The power-houses in several mines were wrecked, and the local police overpowered, despite the presence of reinforcements from Bristol and Cardiff. The temper of the men rapidly became absolutely reckless. Strangers were stoned. At Tonypandy the shops were systematically looted, windows broken, and the whole contents of the stores distributed or scattered in the streets. Some of the police were injured, and the men also suffered in the baton charges. One aspect of the strike is, happily, almost unprecedented for its callous cruelty. The men prevented the descent into the mines even of the ostlers whose duty it was to feed the pit ponies. Hundreds of these animals in each pit were left untended, without food or water, from Sunday to Thursday afternoon. Nor can this be ascribed to mere forgetfulness. The strikers were in vain implored to allow the poor beasts to be fed.

An appeal to Mr. Churchill to allow the use of the troops was made on Monday. They were set in motion, not, we believe, by the Government, but, pending superior instructions, by the General of the Southern Command. Mr. Churchill, after consulting with Mr. Haldane, decided to employ police instead of military, and large contingents were mobilised in London and sent down with admirable rapidity, arriving on Tuesday night. Mr. Churchill's action has been much criticised, but to our thinking it was a model of the procedure which ought to be followed in such cases. His appeal to the men to cease rioting, his statement that the troops for the present were being held back, and his assurance that "the best friends of the men" would "do their best to help them to get fair treatment" are worthy of a humane and Liberal administrator. Unfortunately, the temper of these Welsh miners was beyond an appeal to reason. The wholesale looting continued, and the despatch of the military became, after all, necessary. The incident is one proof the more of the growing inability of the men's leaders to hold them back in face of the manifest failure of trade-union machinery to deal with a powerful employers' combination. The Miners' Federation has refused to espouse the cause of the strikers, has sharply condemned their violence, and has only at the last moment consented to put their case before the Board of Conciliation.

THE result of the second ballot on the masters' terms in the boilermakers' lock-out was announced on Tuesday evening. It is even more decisive than the first. They are rejected by 15,000 votes to 5,000. The total poll is small. Only half the members of the society have voted. But clearly there is, as yet, no movement whatever towards surrender. The small poll indicates, in all probability, not so much indifference as despair. The men are fighting their masters, and they have thrown over their leaders. The feeling among them seems to be that their society, once the model of a strong and disciplined union, has virtually ceased to exist. The distress on Tyne and Tees is rapidly becoming acute, and the suffering will soon spread to the steel industry, which is bound to suffer by the cessation of shipbuilding. The men are divided between resentment against the harshness of the employers and despair of the use which can be made, under modern conditions, of the machinery of Trade Unionism. Some look more and more to political action. Others are emigrating, especially on the Clyde.

The only hope of peace seems to be that the Board of Trade should intervene. There is a bare chance that the men might accept, in some modified form, the proposals which the masters have put forward, if they were to come from their own leaders, or from a neutral arbitration.

NEW light on the Persian negotiations has been shed by the "Manchester Guardian." It had been generally supposed that the Persian Government had applied to the British Imperial Bank for a loan, and that the Foreign Office viewed the proposal with approval. We are now told that she has never applied to the Imperial Bank at all. With this institution she has had difficulties in the past, and does not wish to have recourse to it again. It was to Messrs. Seligmann that she applied. The loan, indeed, was actually arranged on easy terms, without political conditions, with certain of the Customs duties of the Southern ports as security. This arrangement the Foreign Office is said to have vetoed, on the ground that these revenues are already mortgaged. The facts are difficult to ascertain. But it is hard to believe that all these revenues are assigned already, because they are precisely the revenues which we have threatened to seize in order to pay for the British police force which it is proposed to create. Some authoritative explanation of this curious story is clearly due. For if the facts are as stated, it would appear that the Foreign Office has starved Persia of money, in order to use her necessities as a pretext for political intervention.

THE State elections in the United States have resulted in a Democratic triumph without a parallel since 1890. New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, and Connecticut have all gone Democratic. The new Congress will show a Democratic majority of over forty—pretty much what the Republicans had in the late House. In the Senate the Republican majority, mingled as it is with a strong insurgent element, has fallen to about fifteen. The dramatic aspect of the contest was the total defeat of Mr. Stimson, the Roosevelt candidate for the Governorship of New York State. It is the first grave reverse which has befallen Mr. Roosevelt in his public career. Already it is said that the roughrider has been unhorsed, and that he is no longer a possible candidate for the Presidency. Western States, like California and Wisconsin, remain Republican. But they are also insurgent. If Mr. Roosevelt has been defeated, the machine has suffered an even more serious reverse.

THE meaning of the elections is clearly that an epoch of reform has set in. Insurgency thrives. Mr. Roosevelt's defeat is generally attributed to his curious uncertainty of front. In the West he had spoken almost as a free-trader. In the East he defended the unpopular Payne Tariff. He never seems to have grasped the fact that insurgency is primarily a revolt against high Protection. His violent language estranged business interests in New York. His blindness to the unpopularity of high tariffs prevented him from winning the mass vote. The dominant issue varied in different States. In some it was the Tariff, in others the sins of a railway company, and elsewhere the corruption of the party bosses. But everywhere, under whatever banner, it is reform that has won. The dividing line between the two parties is almost obliterated. The old machine in each is discredited. But equally Mr. Roosevelt has followed Mr. Bryan into disfavor. The victory is one for a constructive policy, against corruption and against mere rhetoric.

M. BRIAND, with his new Cabinet, presented to the Chamber his declaration of policy on Tuesday. He promises once more legislation to defend the lay schools, electoral reform, and labor legislation to encourage profit-sharing and credit banks, and to regulate collective bargaining. The main point of his programme, however, is still somewhat vague. Strikes on railways are to be made formally illegal, apparently by regularising the expedient already employed of calling the strikers to the colors to work the lines under military discipline. The new Cabinet is criticised for its lack of distinction. It is M. Briand and certain satellites. The abler men of the old Cabinet, Millerand, Barthou, and Viviani, are all gone. The only notable recruit is M. Lafferre, the Freemason who organised the odious system of delation practised against Catholic officers some years ago. M. Jaurès made an eloquent attack on the new plan of forcing men to work on the railways by military law. M. Camille Pelletan roundly described it as serfdom. Both orators indicated the nationalisation of railways as the solution. A vote of confidence was carried by a majority of eighty-seven—a significant drop from the majorities of from 146 to 294, which supported M. Briand last month. The prophets predict a short life for the new one-man Government.

THE reception of the Duke of Connaught at the launching of the new nationality of South Africa has been enthusiastic beyond all description. Last week's Cape Town ceremonies have this week been repeated in Bloemfontein, and the loyalty of this, the most distinctively Dutch of all the provinces, has been placed above reproach. The most interesting function was the reception of a hundred Basuto chiefs, to whose address the Duke read in reply a long Royal message, assuring them that the Imperial Government had embodied in the Act of Union special securities against infringements of their independence and territorial rights, which could not be affected without the King's consent.

A DESPERATE attack has been made this week by Tariff Reformers upon the virtue of Lancashire. Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Bonar Law, and Professor W. A. S. Hewins, with other noted generals of the cause, stormed Manchester, and many lesser warriors moved among the manufacturing towns upon their crusade of argument and exhortation. To some of the exponents of the Protectionist gospel the stage of reasoning has given place to one of authority. This was humorously illustrated by Mr. Wyndham, who thus handled the thorny question of the effect of tariffs on consumers' prices: "It was not a question of political economy; it was a question of whether they believed in the good faith of two Englishmen—Joseph Chamberlain and A. J. Balfour."

A USEFUL conference upon Unemployment took place last Wednesday at Caxton Hall, convened by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. The Committee recommended an eight hours day in "the carrying and other trades," the abolition of overtime in factories and workshops, and other drastic remedies. In urging, however, that the yield of the land taxes should be allocated to local authorities "for building libraries and baths and similar work," they surely commit the fallacy of supposing that revenue diverted from one public purpose to another will increase the aggregate volume of employment. In the inevitable discussion upon the operation of Labour Bureaux, vigorous pleas were made by Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Shackleton for suspension of the too ready judgment which some

Trade Unionists pass upon these young institutions. Mr. Shackleton held that the Bureaux could not take up the position of registering Trade Unionists only, and regarded as a fair working compromise the present practice of refusing to spend money in sending men to other places to work at less than standard rates.

MISS MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES, general secretary of the Women's Co-operative Guild, placed before the Divorce Commission this week a mass of carefully compiled and extremely interesting evidence upon the crucial issues of divorce as they affect working women. Since the anomalies and defects of our marriage laws press more onerously upon working women than upon any other class, this evidence, which expresses the considered views of thousands of Guild members, ought to weigh far more heavily with the Commission than the airy opinions of individual churchmen, magistrates, or doctors. It makes in favor of very radical reforms, both in the provisions of the laws and their administration. These women declare, by overwhelming majorities, not merely for equal treatment of the sexes in divorce, but for an enlargement of the causes of divorce, to include all forms of vice and cruelty which degrade the marriage relation and bring misery into the home. Miss Davies is particularly urgent upon the importance of securing women some part in the administration of the law, as jurors and as judicial assessors and inquiry officers.

UNUSUAL local interest attached to the election of Mayors this week in view of the Coronation ceremonies of next year. This, perhaps, may account in some measure for the large number of re-elections, sixty-three Conservatives and forty-four Liberals. A record for election has been made by Sir W. Crundall, who sits for Dover in a thirteenth year of office. Two ladies have been elected to the office—Mrs. Councillor Lee at Oldham and Miss G. E. F. Morgan at Brecon. Two peers and three members of Parliament appear in the list. Conservatives predominate in number, numbering among provincial mayors 177 as compared with 117 Liberals, 20 Liberal Unionists, and one Labor man.

THE autumn campaign in favor of the Conciliation Suffrage Bill culminated this week in a remarkable series of meetings in London. From the Labor organisations to the Conservative Franchise Association every body of organised women has in some large hall or theatre put forward its demand for facilities for the Bill. These meetings, it must be remembered, are only the climax to an incessant activity which has engaged all the societies even in the smaller provincial centres. Sleepy towns like Guildford have seen picturesque processions. The Town Councils of places like Bangor and Barnsley, as well as Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, and Dundee, have passed resolutions or sent up petitions in favor of the Bill. A conference of the Welsh Women's Liberal Associations held at Cardiff resolved that Liberal women "should confine themselves to suffrage work until the vote be won." Mr. Birrell has said decisively that no further time can be given this year, but as decisively that it ought to be given next year. That is not, however, a Cabinet declaration. Failing a perfectly precise endorsement of Mr. Birrell's individual view of the Cabinet, we fear that the chance of peace provided in the summer, when there was ample time, by the Conciliation Committee, has been neglected.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE FAILURE OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE breakdown of the Conference was not unexpected. From the beginning the prospects of a pacific settlement upon so vexed an issue by so novel an instrument were not particularly bright. However conciliatory might be the disposition of the two parties entering such a Conference, the gulf which separated them required much more than amiable sentiments for its bridging. In the Veto resolutions of last spring, the Government had made as much concession as it could safely make along the line of policy which had received the sanction of the electorate. Although, holding this policy in abeyance, it appeared theoretically possible that other proposals, embodying another method of settling differences in a manner consistent with popular self-government, might be successfully devised, few persons acquainted with the determining facts of the situation thought a successful result to be likely. We shall, doubtless, hear many explanations of the failure. The "Times" and other Unionist journals have already been busily engaged in endeavoring to throw the blame upon the illiberalism of the Government representatives. The Unionist proposals for a settlement have been painted in most specious colors. They were willing, it has been suggested, to refer all disputed legislative issues to a joint conference of the Houses, in which parties should be represented proportionately. Graver constitutional issues they were desirous to submit to the direct vote of the people by a referendum. So much for methods. But many of the Conservative conciliationists went further, and declared that proposals had been mooted for removing what otherwise might appear an insuperable obstacle, Irish Home Rule, by incorporating it, and making it innocuous as a single item, in a larger policy of devolution or Imperial federation.

The Government, it is thus suggested, rejects a joint conference of the Houses, scorns an appeal to the people on constitutional questions, and refuses to substitute a comprehensive policy of devolution for the "separatism" of what the "Daily Telegraph" terms "Parnellite Home Rule."

It is, of course, yet too early to judge how much, if any, truth underlies these speculative imputations. But though we may not yet know the precise rock on which the Conference split, it is likely that any discussion which travelled along other lines than those of the Veto resolutions would confront one or both of two insuperable obstacles. In discussing a joint conference of the Houses as a possible mode of settlement, the question of the composition of the Lords' contingent would necessarily raise an issue of principle. It would be impossible for Liberals to admit the heavy and perpetual handicap involved in any representation of the peers by party proportion.

Even if the number of peers taking part were reduced to so low a figure as one hundred, selected on a party basis, no Liberal measure subjected to this final test could pass unless the Liberal majority in the House of

Commons were more than sixty. The admission of this or any similarly permanent disability would manifestly be intolerable. If joint conference, therefore, were proposed in earnest, as a preferable procedure to the Veto method already adopted by the electorate and formulated by the Government, two conditions are essential to its serious consideration. In the first place, it must not infringe the fundamental Liberal principle that the will of the people, as conveyed through the representative House, shall prevail in all acts of legislation. In the second place, this mode of settlement must not involve a longer delay in procedure than is involved in the existing Veto proposals. Now, these conditions could only be fulfilled if, in the contribution of the Upper House towards the composition of the joint conference, the party in office were represented equally in numbers with the opposition. Any such weighting of Toryism as would be implied in the representation of peers according to the size of parties would not secure that Liberal measures should pass into law within the limits of a single Parliament. A weak Liberal Government would have its weakness reduced to utter impotence.

It appears quite credible that, in addition to this loading of the joint conference in legislative issues, a suggestion of a referendum for constitutional changes should have been made. For in this way even a strong Liberal administration, able to outvote the Unionists in joint conference, would have had to pass another ordeal in order to obtain a constitutional reform, even though the proposal of that reform, as in the present case of the Veto, had received the popular sanction at a General Election. But, of course, such a proposition, if it were made, was motivated not by principle but by party tactics, as the last shot in the Unionist locker to be fired against Home Rule. It would have been proposed, not because Conservatives believe the people more competent to decide by an express vote constitutional than legislative changes, but because it is calculated to secure the rejection of Home Rule, if it were adopted. Although such a partisan calculation might not be correct, it would have been taken as an act of bad faith for a Government, which had pledged itself to proceed to Home Rule by accepted Parliamentary procedure, to submit it to another, and a more precarious, test. The hostility of the entire Irish Party to such a proposition is notorious and natural, and, even if an agreement of the two major parties in the State to this procedure had taken place, it would have been impossible to draft and force through Parliament a measure which had neither the assistance nor the consent of the representatives of Ireland.

But now that the Conference has broken down, Liberals can entertain no doubt or difficulty about their course of action. They must revert to the policy, which, in deference to public sentiment and consideration for the new reign, they consented to postpone, presenting the Veto resolutions, or a Bill embodying them, to the Lords, and, on their probable rejection, appealing with confidence to the country and the Crown. One matter of detail alone deserves stress. If we interpret aright the feelings of the country, it will require from Mr. Asquith an



explicit and quite unambiguous declaration of his intention, should he be returned to power, to proceed without any delay to ask the use of the Royal Prerogative for the creation of enough peers to carry through his anti-Veto Bill.

While half-a-year's delay has evolved some murmurs among strenuous reformers, it cannot be said that the Conference has been wholly fruitless. For it has elicited certain important admissions among Unionists. Its very appointment implied the recognition of a real grievance in the House of Lords as it stands, and of the necessity of organic reforms in the Constitution. But still more important is the lavish display of a desire for really radical reforms in the younger generation of Unionists, and an almost dramatic abandonment of the ancient prejudices against the principle and policy of Home Rule. Conservatives as well as Liberals recognise that the nation has now reached a situation from which retreat is impossible. It remains for the Government, which by every sign is stronger now than when the Conference was entered on, to interpret with vigor and confidence the plain doctrine of Liberalism by securing the supremacy of the representative House.

#### THE FUTURE OF TRADE UNIONISM.

THE unrest in the Labor world, which has been marked since the temporary trouble on the North-Eastern Railway in July, broke out in the form of serious rioting in the Rhondda Valley on Thursday. Scenes of violence were witnessed utterly foreign to modern English labor disputes, and more worthy of Pittsburg, or reminiscent of Sheffield in the 'sixties. Once again the men repudiated their leaders, and struck on the basis of hard grievance against the authority of the Union. On the North-east coast the boilermakers have, we believe, been perfectly orderly, but there again we have the strange spectacle of a section of the men resolutely and repeatedly refusing the terms agreed upon and urgently recommended to them by their leaders; while, by another strange development of trade union sentiment, the majority of the union members stand apart from the ballot because they are not directly affected by the strike, though it is, of course, making the most serious inroads on their collective funds. For the moment, it looks as though Trade Unionism was being resolved into its primitive elements. The "shop strike"—the sudden gusty movement of temper among a number of men working under the same roof or in the same yard—gave rise to the early unions. They became permanent; they put out branches; they joined with other unions, they amalgamated, they federated, and they became great national societies, with a membership running into six figures and controlling an entire branch of trade. Then came the counter-stroke. The employers federated in turn. Vain struggles took place. The miners held their own with difficulty in 1893, the Federated Employers beat the Amalgamated Engineers in 1897. Then ensued an epoch of conciliation. Already the cotton trade was governed by the Brooklands agreement of 1893. A conciliation board was instituted for the miners in 1894. Such boards, generally with an impartial chairman, became the order of the day in the organised trades.

The present year has witnessed a revolt against the peace movement. In the North, the complaint of the employers is that the men violate the agreement by partial and local strikes. The executive comes to terms with the employers. The strikers repudiate the terms, and the unaffected members of the union preserve a somewhat dubious neutrality. In Wales, once more, the causes of the trouble are local. It is a spontaneous outburst, which the responsible leaders do their best to quell, and do their best in vain. Once more we have, in essentials, the old "shop strike," or its modern equivalent, bursting the shell of decorous Trade Unionism.

Meanwhile, look at the change in the attitude of the business men and the middle-class world, as mirrored in the leaders of the "Times." The "Times" laments the want of fidelity to leaders, praises the loyalty of responsible trade union officials, deplores the downfall of collective bargaining. It seems but yesterday that we had dinned into our ears from these same quarters the old, familiar tale of the "paid agitator," the wild and unscrupulous man, who, for ends of his own, stirred up strife among the peaceful artisans. In vain, in those days, did some of us protest that by position, by motive, and by training it was the leaders who were moderate and the men who were extreme. The middle-class opinion of the time would hear none of it. Collective bargaining was a shameful interference with liberty. *Ecrasez l'infâme*, and down with the wicked agitator who troubled industry and incidentally lowered dividends. Give us back the good old days when the individual workman bargained with the individual employer, and was "free" to take what he was offered or to starve. In these days the boot is firmly on the other foot. Collective bargaining is essential to industry. The labor leaders are wise and prudent. The men are mad to repudiate them.

It seems, then, that some of us, who in old days looked at the matter from the men's point of view, are now adjudged right on the testimony of our opponents. We were right in upholding the collective bargain as essential to personal liberty. We were right in defending the leaders as the moderating influence. We were right in regarding the healthy development of Trade Unionism as essential to industrial peace. Let us, then, try to look at the existing situation, as far as we can, with the men's eyes. They have a case, we may be sure. Fifteen thousand skilled artisans do not face the loss of savings and the breaking-up of their homes for nothing. Something real and powerful moves them. They may on the evidence be judged wrong, but we may be sure that they have an intelligible motive, if we will seek to understand it. First, then, why are they discontented? Secondly, and more particularly, why do they not follow their leaders? As to the first point, we fancy that what the workman of to-day sees is, that while wealth is increasing by leaps and bounds, the increases are not coming his way. The cost of living is increased. The wealth of the middle and upper classes has immensely increased. Money wages have moved but slowly. It is doubtful if "real wages" have increased at all in ten years. Meanwhile the workmen have been educated. Their standard of life has gone up. They are not satisfied with things

as they are, but they look ahead and see no future for their class. Then they turn to their unions and their leaders, and they find their leaders far away, and sitting in comfortable rooms in Manchester or in London, negotiating with employers on a business basis, converted externally, and perhaps in their mental make-up, into middle-class men, remote and Olympian, it may be, in their attitude to the petty troubles in the workshop by Tees or Tyne. For good and for evil, the trade union official is no longer the workman clad in fustian, with hands grimy from the day's work. He has become a man of figures and pigeonholes and typewriters, remote, half-estranged from his constituents. This at the best. Below him lurks an element of suspicion. The terms that the Shipowners' Federation have imposed are not easy terms. They are open to the interpretation that the shipowners desire to use the trade union machinery for their own ends, to compel the union to coerce the men who revolt against the conditions of employment, to force the submission of disputes through the union machinery into courts in which an employer as chairman is to have the last word. If we read the mind of the boilermakers aright, what they are now saying is that if this is the result of Trade Unionism the sooner it is broken up the better. They will wreck their great society, the product of generations of self-denial and material aid, rather than let it be worked into an engine of government. The "Times" article, as we read it, gives them unwilling support, and quite clearly the "Times" envisages Trade Unionism as a means of discipline by which organised capital can enforce national agreements which organise but weaken labor. There we come to the bed-rock of the difficulty. How can the organisations that have become national in extent be made elastic and human enough to keep in touch with the living interest of the individual member who is smarting under the tyranny of a foreman, or who resents the new rules of his own particular shop? How can Trade Unionism be saved from its own success? How can it win back its vital touch with the man in the forge and the factory? That is the problem which the labor troubles of this year have sprung upon an unsuspecting world, and until it is solved we must look for a period of the recrudescence of an order of dispute which we had all hoped to have left behind for good and all.

#### THE REPUBLICAN DEFEAT.

THE immediate significance of the disastrous defeat of the regular Republicans in the United States elections is unmistakable. It is the expression of a many-sided revolt against the subjection of public to private interests in the political and economic government of America. The victories of the Democrats in so many of the Republican strongholds of the East, and the triumph of Insurgency in the Middle West, are the most important features in a general collapse of the great Republican machine. But the most dramatic event in this episode is the complete failure of Mr. Roosevelt to command the electoral allegiance of his own State. This rejection of his candidate for the Governorship of New

York is interpreted, perhaps prematurely, as the extinction of Mr. Roosevelt's hopes of a renomination for the Presidency in 1912. It must, certainly, be accounted a merited rebuke to an unprecedented career of megalomania, issuing in an electioneering campaign in which this master of turgid rhetoric surpassed all former records in the arts of reckless accusation and personal vituperation.

But the personal factors in the election are of minor interest, as compared with the testimony it affords to the force and substance of the popular discontent seething throughout the country. Many causes contribute to this discontent, but first and foremost it expresses a revolt of the working and consuming population against the unprecedented and enormous rise of prices, and against the Tariff to which they rightly attribute the chief responsibility. For though the Tariff is only one among several instruments of economic oppression, wielded by the powerful industrial and financial combinations which have controlled the Government, it is recognised as the most potent, and the most ubiquitous. Moreover, the cynical brutality with which the Republicans repudiated their most solemn promises of alleviation, when the Payne-Aldrich Tariff was first undertaken, and the open scandals of the schedules, in which great business corporations were personally interested, have afforded a more forcible instruction in the meaning of Protection than ever before. So long as there remained plenty of free public land for development, and energetic citizens had ample opportunities to carve out for themselves interesting and profitable careers in newly settled States, the economic pressure was not seriously felt. But now the economic fetters are tightening round the ordinary citizen everywhere. The new conservation policy, the redeeming feature in Mr. Roosevelt's political career, comes too late to save that equality of opportunity which in former times was the sheet-anchor of American democracy. Everywhere the public-spirited citizen is confronted with the sight of railroads, industrial combines, and financial corporations, that triangle of economic forces, controlling the business and the politics of whole States, and dictating the conditions under which whole populations are to live and work. He has watched the great protected Trusts extending their domination to a monopoly of the oil-fields, timber-lands, coal-mines, and other natural resources, on the one hand, and to a mastery of the retail markets upon the other. The entire process may not be evident, but the ultimate effect comes home to the meanest intelligence in the shape of high and rising prices for the necessities of life and a corresponding shrinkage of the real reward of labor. The shameless refusal of the Republican Party to devise any adequate or even plausible redresses for these growing grievances has led to their *débâcle* in this week's elections. When, however, it is asked what hopes there are of a vigorous constructive policy of reform from the Democratic Party, no confident answer is forthcoming. Those best acquainted with the organisation of that party are least optimistic of the outcome. For the Democratic machine, though less intimately associated with the Trusts in the past, possesses no im-

munity against the corrupting influences of organised wealth. Its managers are animated by no loftier principles than those of the other great party machine. Indeed, though it has, when out of office, shouted more loudly and persistently for a low tariff and for anti-trust legislation, the experience of Mr. Cleveland's Administration affords no ground for expecting the voluntary fulfilment of reform pledges. If the Democratic victory this week is the precursor of a wave which will carry in due time the White House and the Senate, it is to certain novel factors in the situation that we must look for any genuine fructification of reforms. The first of these consists in the high and independent character of some of the men who have championed successfully the Democratic cause in the East. The election to Governorships of such men as Dr. Woodrow Wilson for New Jersey, Mr. Baldwin for Connecticut, and Mr. Harmer for Ohio, to name but three among many, is evidence of a fairly widespread disposition to elect to high offices men of a distinctly better calibre, with firmer principles and more personal independence, than has been customary in the past history of the Democratic Party. Although the noble spiritual traditions of New England have been, unhappily, no sufficient prophylactic against the worst arts of political corruption in recent times, it is fair to assume that the election of Democratic Governors in such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire, will contribute towards a higher level of political responsibility in the national policy of the Democratic Party. Perhaps, however, even more depends upon the part played by the Republican insurgent movement, whose power has been so conspicuously displayed in Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, and other Western States.

Had Mr. Roosevelt thrown in his lot fairly and squarely with this movement for the purging of Republicanism, as once seemed likely, his personal influence and energy might have been exerted to the best of uses in an organised endeavor either to mould the national party into the instrument of radical reform, or, failing this, to carry it into effective co-operation with the reforming wing of the Democratic Party. That the insurgent Republicans can obtain, without his aid, the necessary mastery of the party machine, save in a few States, appears unlikely. The possibility of progress in the future must, therefore, largely depend upon the willingness of vigorous insurgents to break party traditions, and furnish genuine assistance to the reforming elements in the Democratic Party. The test issue, no doubt, will be that of a genuine reform in the Tariff. And here it is wise not to expect a very drastic or a very rapid movement towards Free Trade. Independently of the bitter outcry of the consumer, there are business forces pressing steadily towards a lower tariff, partly in order to secure cheaper materials, partly in order to check the extortions of the Trusts. But neither the Democrats nor the Republican Insurgents are by principle or avowed intention free-traders in the British sense. Free Trade, or even a reform aiming expressly at Free Trade, is not at present a practicable policy for the United States. A gradual sensible relief on the main articles of popular consumption, the placing of raw

materials on the free list, and the withdrawal of all tariff aid to domestic monopolies, will furnish for the early future a sufficient tariff reform platform for a Democratic Party.

### POLICY AND ARMAMENTS.

MR. ASQUITH'S speech at Guildhall is hardly destined to rank among the orations which have made the City's annual banquet an historic event. It was the speech of a busy man, who just consents to pause amid the secret pre-occupations of domestic politics to glance hastily at the affairs of the outer world. No Liberal Prime Minister since Gladstone has, indeed, succeeded in making foreign affairs vital and significant. For Lord Rosebery they were interesting. For Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman they acquired at two moments a deep significance—when he beckoned the Hague Conference to an understanding for the reduction of armaments, and when he greeted the fallen Duma with the bold promise of a glorious resurrection. But the sense that our Foreign Office has in its hands the threads of the closely-knit fabric of human progress that is woven by the corporate action of peoples, the belief that our decisions may profoundly affect the destinies of liberty throughout the world, the realisation that our moral responsibility is as much engaged in this department as it is in our social reforms, or in our Irish or Indian policy—this element of Liberalism has figured, with each year, a little less prominently in our affairs since Gladstone made the last of his Guildhall speeches, and Lord Salisbury used the City festival to announce our abandonment of the Armenian cause.

There were, however, in this speech, perfunctory and unambitious though it was, a few sentences that seem, when one weighs them, to announce a new departure. They were draped, indeed, in generalities. They mentioned no people or government in particular terms. But to a Europe consciously ranged in two camps, thinking in all its nerve ends of the continual conflict between the two great groups of world-Powers, a generality, however much it approaches the commonplace, may possess a high significance. Diplomacy talked in epigrams a century ago. It finds common-places safer to-day, and it is often making its most momentous utterances when it seems to be saying only a little less than nothing. These sentences were merely a repetition of the familiar maxim, that policy and armaments chase each other round a vicious circle. Suspicion and misunderstanding are the cause of the competition in armaments, and armaments, in their turn, are the cause of new suspicion. The plague of armaments, the modern war of steel and gold, is not to be ended by a direct bargain over ships and army-corps. Ships have a purpose. They correspond to a certain direction of policy, and express a certain state of mind. The remedy for this ruinous competition must be sought, first of all, in a removal of the causes of bitterness. That was the burden of the most significant paragraph in Mr. Asquith's speech, and we believe that it expressed a defi-



nite purpose which now guides our policy. A "more genial political atmosphere" must first be diffused, and then, under the "growing pressure of public opinion," we may look for a condition of "good feeling," whether translated into a written understanding or not, which will "put a term to this wasteful and disastrous competition for hostile purposes." These sentences outline a slower, but in the end, we believe, a more hopeful, method of attacking this problem than that which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sketched with his splendid courage and directness of mind in the first number of THE NATION.

The process of translating these cautious generalities into concrete sentences is one which every reader of this speech must instantly have performed for himself. It is the competition of the British and German Navies which is the centre of this world-problem of armaments, and a political understanding between London and Berlin would alone suffice to make the "genial atmosphere" that would facilitate a reduction of armaments. The method of direct approach has twice been tried, and twice it has failed. There was the bold attempt to use the Hague Conference, and there was, later, a proposal for mutual limitation of armaments which King Edward laid before the Kaiser. We have never ourselves believed that Germany would or could respond to such advances without some preliminary understanding on policy. Any agreement over armaments must stereotype her permanent inferiority at sea. In such a position a great and ambitious people may acquiesce, if it sees before it the possibility of going, in the Kaiser's phrase, "full steam ahead" without the help of an efficient and rapidly growing navy. Armaments are not primarily in the modern world designed for use. They serve to weight the scales of the balance of power. They are arguments for diplomatic conversation, a baggage which every Ambassador bears in his carriage when he goes to call upon a Foreign Minister. The condition under which we might expect the Germans to assent to a reduction of armaments would be that we can assure them in advance that some at least of their larger ambitions abroad will meet no longer with obstruction from us, that the Triple Entente, which is for us a League of Peace, and appears to them an encircling penfold, shall cease to confront them with veto and opposition in every outlet which their energy may seek. Lord Salisbury remarked during the Armenian crisis that you cannot send the British Navy into the Taurus mountains. The peculiarity of the German Navy is that it is constructed to cross the Taurus range. The main purpose of German world-policy is to complete the process of peaceful and, we believe, beneficent expansion in Asiatic Turkey, of which the Bagdad Railway is the road. Our diplomacy and our finance is the obstacle. Remove that obstacle, and her new fleet will no longer possess for the mind of Germany the direct importance which it has to-day. The Taurus will have been crossed without it.

The very solidity which the Triple Entente has now acquired has immensely simplified the problem. The silent meeting of Tsar and Kaiser, on which the German and Russian Press have been busied this week, is a recognition that a firmly-knit Triple Entente confronts the

Triple Alliance. The old flirtations, the old uncertainty of grouping where Germany and Russia are concerned, seem to have come to an end. M. Sazonoff, in succeeding M. Isvolsky, who was first the bugbear and then the victim of Austro-German policy, has been at pains to emphasise his loyalty to the Franco-British connection. There may be a proper interchange of views between Berlin and St. Petersburg, and something more than formal courtesy may link the two Courts. But the Triple Entente definitely and finally includes and controls the policy of Russia. The key, then, to the whole European situation is in our hands, and the door which waits to be unlocked is, we believe, Bagdad. We have argued repeatedly in these columns that the method which brought a *rapprochement*, first with France and then Russia, must be followed in the case of Germany. The ground which demands an understanding is as clearly indicated in her case as it was in theirs. An outspoken and carefully-reasoned article from the pen of Mr. Robert Donald in the "Daily Chronicle" has this week pointed the way. We must return to the moment before the conclusion of the Anglo-French understanding, when Mr. Balfour's Government so nearly concluded with Germany the bargain over the Bagdad Railway, which the "Times" was chiefly instrumental in wrecking. The terms which Germany then advanced were unacceptable, and we do not question the wisdom of Mr. Balfour in rejecting them. But much water has flowed down the Euphrates since then, and there is probably no longer the same difficulty in reaching an equitable promise.

There is one difficulty in the way. Turkey is not a negligible factor in this question, as Morocco and Persia unluckily were in the French and Russian bargains. Her independence cannot be bartered away without her consent. It must be safeguarded in any European bargain, and by guarantees more effectual than the pious words which cover the penetration of her two sister Moslem States. After these object-lessons we shall expect the Turks to approach any conversation about Bagdad in a mood of alert and reasonable suspicion. Mr. Asquith's references to Persia were far from removing the doubts with which our manifest subservience to Russian policy there has filled the minds both of friends and of critics. He did, indeed, represent our contemplated intervention in Southern Persia as a friendly act. But he also made it clear that, unless Persia tamely acquiesces in the measures which we propose to take, we shall shrink from no steps to enforce them. She may, if she pleases, quietly surrender her right to police her own territory and control her own finance. But, failing a passive surrender, we shall take what she does not yield. That is an attitude which nothing in the Persian situation, as we read it, can justify. It is an offence to nationality, and a perilous step in a policy of expansion and partition. It will have its disastrous reactions elsewhere. The Turks, we are afraid, will beware when two Great Powers are minded to reach an understanding over their affairs. There can be no stable balance of power, no permanent peace, no lasting disarmament, if every step towards cordiality in Europe is won at the cost of some national life elsewhere.

## Life and Letters.

### THE ROUND OF THE CLOCK.

POETS and thinkers have ever amused themselves with the ages of man. The lapse of life has sometimes been figured as a river flowing towards the ocean, sometimes as a race that is run or a battle that is fought, sometimes as a stage on which each man plays many parts. But perhaps the most familiar, because the most natural, of metaphors is that which likens the span of human life to the morning, noontide, and evening of a single day upon which comes night, the extinguisher. The sun rising from the ocean in the dim dawn, and moving towards the zenith of its place and power, its gradual decline, and its disappearance below the horizon seem a veritable emblem of the life of man. From the great deep to the great deep he goes. Fancy may well enlarge upon the image, breaking up the periods of life to fit the nicer divisions into which man for his practical purpose has broken up the day. Working out more fully the quaint suggestion of Walter Scott and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir William Nicoll, in a delightful little volume "The Round of the Clock" (Hodder & Stoughton), tells the story of our life from year to year, allowing a lustrum for each hour in the waking day from six o'clock to midnight. To his title page he appends a passage from "The Abbot": "At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another, and yet the same—there is a change of views, and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of actions." This consideration of the bearing of the lapse of time upon the life of our body and mind is, of course, a source of infinite pathos and humor. Each age has more or less its own occupations, its own thoughts, passions, even its own illusions, for to charge youth with the monopoly of illusion is but the great illusion of maturity. Those who may suppose that so hackneyed a theme can kindle no fresh interest in these later days, at any rate among reflective people, will, we feel sure, recognise their mistake, if they will give a quiet evening to a leisurely perusal of Sir William Nicoll's volume. For there they will find not only pleasant reminiscences of familiar literature and history, incidents and achievements in the lives of the great, but a nicely-ordered array of exact information, enabling us to test, verify, falsify, or qualify many of the accepted or disputed notions about the characteristics of youth and age.

Professor Osler some little time ago pronounced a sentence of "comparative uselessness" upon men over forty years of age, insisting that "The effective, moving, vitalising work of the world is done between the age of twenty-five and forty, these fifteen golden years of plenty, the anabolic or constructive period, in which there is always a balance in the mental bank, and the credit is still good." The test of history, however, supplies a crushing refutation of this dictum. For, though the fruits of maturity differ in kind from those of youth, it cannot be maintained that they contain less effectiveness or less vitality. Love-making, fighting, and poetry are pre-eminently the arts of golden youth, and it is in these activities, so closely linked with physical ebullience, that young men make their mark in life. That the ardor and the conquests of love belong to the springtime, few will question, though M. Bourget and Balzac are among these few, finding the fifth decade the most dangerous. But those who give to early manhood a monopoly of great achievement are probably looking most to the two dazzling fields of military prowess and of creative genius in poetry and art.

It is true that extraordinary feats of generalship have been accomplished by youths of magnificent confidence and speed of execution, like Alexander and Charlemagne. But even in war the most masterly work has usually been done in years of maturity. There is, perhaps, evidence of failure in physique and physical energy, when, at forty-six, Napoleon met the disaster of Waterloo. But Caesar was forty-two at the beginning of his Gallic wars, and fifty-one when he crossed the Rubicon. Von

Moltke was an old man in the Franco-German war. As war becomes more of a science and less of an instinctive art, youthful generalism may be expected continually to count for less. It is in poetry and, to a less degree, in other branches of imaginative literature, that youth has won its most signal victories. But, even there, precocity of genius has contributed but little to the works of supreme worth. Among our own writings, Keats's "Endymion" at twenty-three, Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" at twenty-five, Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," possibly at twenty-four, and the first two cantos of Byron's "Childe Harold" at the same age, stand as high-water marks. Shelley's "Queen Mab," Sheridan's "The Rivals," Ruskin's first volume of "Modern Painters," Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" rank also as notable products of early youth. But, upon the whole, little has happened since his day to falsify Macaulay's declaration that "No great work of imagination has ever been produced under the age of thirty or thirty-five years, and the instances are few in which any have been produced under the age of forty."

Though it may be true that the full tide of creative imagination flows in youth and early manhood, the execution of great works of creative genius has belonged more to the maturity of the forties. "Paradise Lost" was written between the years of forty-three and fifty; "The Canterbury Tales" between forty-five and fifty; "The Tempest" was probably written at the beginning of Shakespeare's fifth decade. Cowper was fifty when he published his "Task," and Butler's "Hudibras" was the fruit of the same age of life. If, quitting poetry, we turn to prose masterpieces, even in the literature of power, the case is still clearer. Few of the greater novels were written before the age of forty. Scott was forty-three when he published "Waverley," Fielding forty-two when "Tom Jones" appeared, while the "incomparable 'Clarissa'" was written between the ages of fifty-four and sixty. Though Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot had made their mark a little under forty, by far the greater volume of their best work came later on in life. Meredith was exceptional in the precocity of his attainment, though not of his fame, producing in early manhood an unusual proportion of his most enduring work. Turning to the general body of prose literature, we note that, still in the imaginative realm, many of the greatest works are delayed until the prime of life has gone. The first part of "Don Quixote" was given at fifty-eight, "Pilgrim's Progress" at fifty, "Robinson Crusoe" at fifty-eight, "Gulliver" at fifty-nine. Most works of great moment in reflective literature and philosophy came late in life, Kant's "Kritik" at fifty-seven, Leibnitz's "Essai" at sixty-four, Locke's "Essay" at fifty-eight, Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois" at fifty-nine, Burke's "Reflections" at sixty-one; Grote's "History" was completed at the same age, Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" between sixty-eight and seventy-two. A few works of great importance appeared at earlier ages, Newton's "Principia" at from forty-five to fifty, Descartes's "Meditations" at forty-five, "The Wealth of Nations" at forty-three, Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" at forty-four, though the "Novum Organum" was the fruit of the late fifties. But it is unnecessary and, indeed, impossible to pursue our argument further *per enumerationem simplicem*. Enough facts have at least been cited to show that the more substantial fruits of intellectual achievement are, as ought to be expected, of slower growth and are reaped after the prime of life has passed.

If, however, leaving the middle period of intellectual vigor, we advance a little further down the slope, great achievement in any field of endeavor becomes extremely rare. The reputed wisdom of old age lives almost wholly in the realm of reputation, seldom taking solid shape. Where authority gives great influence, as in the art of Statecraft, important measures have sometimes been executed by old men. But even so, they have hardly ever been conceived in old age. Indeed, as one follows more closely the roll of great human achievement, some suspicions arise as to the reality of this wisdom of old age. The implications of the aphorism, "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*," assuredly need qualification, and



that not merely, as Stevenson pointed out, because the typical defect of youth is not that it does not know, but that it does not choose. For old age, as we premised, has, like youth, its own illusions, which rob experience of much of its fruitfulness. The chief of these illusions is a denial of certain fundamental facts of nature, a refusal to admit old age. Open-eyed reflection should convince us all that nature has its appointed tasks and enjoyments for the different epochs of our life, which it is a waste and folly to confuse. Yet, as years advance, most of us fall into the pathetic conspiracy of ageing persons against old age. We have scientific men to exorcise him with lacto-bacillic spells and potatoes; grey-headed, we seek to win a second childhood by knocking a white ball about with sticks. With desperate tenacity we cling to each interest and occupation of our prime, rejecting the erstwhile peacefulness and dignity of age that we may still live as boys among our sons and grandsons, warming our hearts and sharpening our wits on the vigor of the younger generation.

If in former days the barriers and the status of child and parent, youth and age, were too formal and too rigid, precluding ease of intercourse and human sympathy, we surely tend nowadays to the falsehood of the other extreme. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as she looks! We joyfully repeat the formula, and seek to live accordingly. So the extravagance of youth finds its counterpart in the extravagance of age. There is this difference. Youth lives to learn, but in the illusions of old age there is no such remedy. Perhaps, however, we make overmuch of what is but a passing disorder in the life of the leisured and luxurious classes, connected with the loosening of spiritual anchorage and the levity of a distracted era. Age problems, like those of sex or race, though not plainly soluble to the understanding, are less perilous than they sometimes seem. For nature, who has set them, has to solve them, with such assistance as the slowly growing intelligence of man can render, or else without, by deeper-set ordinances of her own.

#### THE SHIP IN SAIL.

It suited the common irony of time that the largest sailing ship which ever walked the water should suffer wreck from a daily steam ferry, plying between shore and shore of the Channel. There is something human in the story—that first shock as she encountered a smaller but stronger force, like the bullet so amazing to a high-born knight, taking the field with rich caparisons and pennoned lance. And then the bewildered attempts of the wounded creature to cast anchor, to be pulled by steamers into safety, and even to stagger home to the port so proudly left—the dragging anchors, the parted cables, the irresistible thrust of wind and waves, the helpless drift against the rocks at the foot of Dover cliffs. There the "Preussen" lay—largest example of man's primeval and most daring adventure, as powerless as a hollow log against the storm. A wicker coracle, bound with hides, and suppled with fat, could have fared no worse.

How fine was the account that reports gave even of her rigging! Five masts she had, and on each mast she carried a lower yard, upper and lower topsail yards, upper and lower top-gallant yards, and a royal yard. And besides all these square sails, good enough while Trade Winds blew steadily behind, she could set fifteen fore-and-aft sails—the only sails that count for manœuvring against the weather. Can finer names be imagined than the top-gallant sail or the main-royal? What centuries of contrivance and inherited knowledge are shown in the mere catalogue of spars and ropes required to spread the wings of such a vessel—cro'-jack yard, upper mizzen-topsail-yard, bowsprit-shrouds, bobstays, martingales, clew-garnets, orspanker-boom topping-lifts! To say nothing of other ancient accessories such as dead-eyes, lanyards, and belaying-pins—those favored weapons of cruel boatswains and desperate mutineers. To master the very words and fit them right to all the various bits is a science in itself, like entomology or the

study of an unknown tongue, and the long romance of the past has touched the very rope-ends with a splendor certainly not their own.

No such historical summary as the sailing-ship now lives. An ancient history of shipping tells us that Noah was the first shipbuilder; the first to entrust himself upon the water, his heart armored with triple brass. But compulsion rather than adventure inspired his enterprise, and the Ark, having no destination, had no sails. For the originator of the "Preussen" we must rather turn to an uncouth being of a more innocent age than Noah's. Seated astride a fallen tree, from which he had torn off most of the branches, he was urging it across a lake, partly with his hands and feet, but partly, also, with a flattened bough that his grandmother had found more effective than her hands. Pausing to rest and enjoy the cool wind that tempered the sun upon his back and helped to dry his fur, he observed, with grunting surprise, that the tree continued to progress without his own sweaty efforts. He observed that when he squared his shoulders and raised his arms, it progressed the faster, and he glided to the opposite shore like a winged god, unruffled and serene. Next day, the forest was uprooted, and the whole surface of the lake crowded with tree-trunks, bestridden by uncouth beings, screaming in emulation. To cross the lake was now a thing of wonder and delight, but, as with toboggan or ski, the trouble came of getting back to the starting-place for another turn of joy. About a week later, the first sailor discovered that by pressing one foot hard against the water he could bring his tree sideways on, and by keeping his back still square to the wind could continue to progress right athwart the course of his competitors. Cries of vengeance arose, but the inmost secret of sailing had been revealed. Within a month, pressing first one foot against the water and then the other, and squaring his back this way or that on the opposite side to his foot, he slowly navigated his tree by a long process of zigzags right back against the shore from which he started, though the wind had not changed. Loud were the yells and snortings of astonishment, but the rest was all plain sailing now. To hold up a banana leaf as an extended back, to substitute a stick for the backbone, to drive it into the trunk and run it twice through the banana leaf, to substitute another stick for the foot and push it against the water, first on one side and then on the other, to stitch many leaves together, to use the skins of wild beasts instead of leaves, and, where skins failed, to steal the loosely woven garments of the women, to tie them to the stick with sinews and tendrils—these devices were the work of only a few generations, and there the sailing ship stood complete, as you may behold it to this day challenging wind and wave on many a savage coast, or on the topmost pond of Hampstead's swarthy moor.

Thence came the dug-outs, swifter and more formidable than the officers of reserve who bear their name; thence the silent canoes, with carved and painted eyes upon the prow, spying their course through darkness; thence the red barges of the Thames, and the white wings that never grow weary. With no other art the Tyrian traders ventured outside the pillared straits, or, penetrating the Red Sea, coasted Africa until, sailing westward, they beheld the sun upon their right hand at noon—a tale incredible. With no other art the friends of Agamemnon anchored their lines of ships—hollow, dark-prowed, or with vermilion cheeks—upon the Trojan beach, and Ulysses set his helm to Arcturus and Orion. It is true that in one passage his rudder is described as in the bow, or rather both in the bow and the stern; for the Cyclops, when he threw a rock in front of the ship, nearly knocked off the rudder, and when he threw a second rock behind the ship, he nearly knocked it off again. But this, as Samuel Butler showed, is only an additional proof that the Odyssey was written by a poetess, who, naturally, was not quite sure whether the rudder should be in the front or back of a ship, and so put it in both, intending to scratch out whichever was wrong, and then forgetting to inquire.

Time would fail to tell of the sails that bore Columbus, or of those that continued their pleasant noise while the first ship rounded the Horn. Nor can



we speak of the brilliant sails that rigged the "Golden Vanitie" or took the "Sun of Venice" far beyond the Adriatic; nor of the worn canvas that adventured on the Spanish Main, or wafted Captain Cook among the undiscovered archipelagoes, or was torn to ribbons at Trafalgar. All such fond records of old time have passed into the ship with sails, and as we watch a three-master moving westward, with the sunset orange upon her canvas, it is not her we see, but the incarnate epitome of innumerable memories—the traditions of all the strangest ventures and revelations that mankind has known. "There go the ships," cried the Psalmist, praising the wonder of God's handicraft, nor did leviathan himself, taking his sport in the sea, appear to him a greater miracle.

In certain primitive and necessary things there lies an irresistible appeal. We perceive it in a wind-mill, a water-mill, a threshing-floor, a wine-press, a cottage-loom, a spindle, a baking oven, and even in a pitcher, a hearth-stone, or a wheel. There we see the eternal necessities of mankind in their ancient, most natural form, and, whether by long association with the satisfaction of some need, or simply by their fitness for utility, they have acquired a peculiar quality of beauty. The sail belongs to the same class of natural and primitive contrivance, and it is beautiful in whatever form it may be cut, or in whatever service it may be used, even when it is degraded from the galleon or the pirate to the mere pleasure yacht of Cowes. For the construction of the hull, iron may take the place of wood, and steel of iron, but as long as the sail remains, the sea will still reflect the open heaven of romance. Steam may come, and steam may go, but the vessel puffs her sail; "there gloom the dark, broad seas." With sloping masts and dipping prow, while the furrow followed free—it was not in a "ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws" that the Ancient Mariner could have sped southward to the seas where the white moonshine glimmered through fog-smoke white.

But, after all, it is easy to perceive the beauty of the past, and to regret the tender grace of things already growing obsolete. That way lies the maundering of archaism, and the self-conscious revivals of vanished arts and crafts. It is a harder and a finer task to recognise and welcome the grandeur of our hideous and existing cities, spouting fire from their hills, and varying with white steam the torrents of heavy smoke that pour from their chimneys. Rivers there are black and poisonous, the sunlight itself glimmers white and hardly casts a shadow. From shipyards beside the river bank, arises the interminable noise of hammering, as the rivets are driven into the re-echoing sides of vast, black steamers that would as soon think of putting out an oar as of hoisting a sail. There they stand, heavy and impenetrable, fitted out with fire and lightning, indifferent to the ways of the wind, ready to shear their courses round continents with the exactness of a planet on her orbit, and the punctuality of the stars. They, too, are the work of the contriving little man who rode upon the floating tree, and it is a poor mind that could do them no honor, even though their day were also passing, and already we seem to hear the fluttering of innumerable wings passing higher over the seas than the wild goose flies, with his perpetual gabble.

#### THE HERO IN CARICATURE.

THE tale of how Beethoven came to erase the dedication to Napoleon of his Heroic Symphony is among the world's immortal anecdotes. He would not forgive the ambition which turned a hero into an Emperor, and the symphony to this day has wept and danced, an anonymous enigma. We have our own theory—who has not?—of its mystery. Why is it that it turns after the noble grief of the funeral march to the reckless gaiety of the scherzo? Berlioz, most original and imaginative of critics, used to say that those revels and dances represent the Greek notion of how to bury a hero. They are the funeral games. The world plays

about his pyre in thankfulness to the life-force which bore him and will bear other heroes in its womb. But there is more in these gay movements than that. They are the world's return to sanity. It discards the great idea. It flings aside its weapons, piles its eagles, and dances to Pan's pipes. The earth that is good to dance on, the feet that weary of marches, return to the life of nature. The world does not merely bury a hero. It throws him off. It rids itself of the fever. Something of this mood is suggested by Mr. Broadley's monumental collection of the caricatures with which the nations that Napoleon led and plagued accompanied his career, ("Napoleon in Caricature." By A. M. Broadley. With an Introductory Essay by J. Holland Rose: Lane). The nations did not, indeed, wait for the funeral march to write the scherzo. They joked while the hero thundered. They laughed while he slaughtered. They derided while he threatened. They mocked when he fell. Here, in these two superb volumes, a triumph at once of laborious research and of the modern art of reproduction, is the record of the Saturnalia which Europe celebrated behind the ear of her greatest conqueror. In these prints are the retort of sanity to genius, of the plain man to the megalomaniac. We think of the Napoleonic time as an epic. From Marengo to Moscow it is written in blood and purple. It matters little whether you conceive the hero as an overman and a tiger of genius, sating an inflamed ambition at the expense of the human race. It matters little whether you figure him rather as a Titan serving a tyrannic conception of order and unity, and crushing the world into the framework of a great system too large to issue from the brain of a mere egoist. On either view, the period is a vast tragedy, whose fit mask is that smooth, immobile Corsican countenance, which never dissolved in humor. But was it thus that the men of that generation thought of their own time? Its history is not exhausted in the unbending periods of Burke's crations or Bonaparte's despatches. It lies laughing, mocking, ignoble, and human, in the prints of the period. It is important to know what the few thought while Burke and Fox harangued them. It is more important to know what the many felt while they flattened their noses against the print shop windows.

It is, in this splendid cosmopolitan collection of caricatures, only the English prints which possess for our eyes a vital and capital interest. They are crude work, despite their vigor, and, with the exception of the best of George Cruikshank's, possess little interest as drawings. The French prints are for the most part incomparably better from an artistic standpoint. The men who drew them were the contemporaries—or should one rather say the survivors?—of David. The guillotine in that teeming age left a surprising number of heads standing. But, until the eve of Napoleon's fall, the French caricatures are all official art. It was the hero's habit to send a note to Fouché when he wished to play on public opinion, and forthwith, by order of the police, Pitt was made odious or King George ridiculous. The English work, on the other hand, with all its brutality of conception, and its indifferent execution, was spontaneous. It has a virility of directness, an ardor and sincerity, which mark it off from all the Continental collections. For sheer trenchant wit the French satiric pencil had no equal when it was free, but during the greater part of this period it was chained to Fouché's desk. There is nothing in the English series, for example, to equal the picture, dating from the Terror, of "The Last Frenchmen," which represents Robespierre and the Public Executioner trying to guillotine each other, with a long vista of guillotines behind them, and a pyramid in the background, inscribed "Here lies France." For sheer savage satire after Napoleon fell, the Waterloo cartoon, "Napoleon se rend et ne meurt pas," could hardly be surpassed, and yet it is surpassed by the other French gibe which represents Napoleon chained, stepping ashore, under the guard of an English naval officer, with the mocking inscription, "Napoleon at last executes his plan of a descent on England."

In the English series it is perhaps the gradual definition of the personality of Napoleon himself which is

their most interesting feature. He begins a mere monster and bugaboo. The elder Cruikshank drew him at the time of the Egyptian Expedition as a fantastic and terrific dwarf, ugly, furious, mustachioed, and with gaping, esurient teeth. He is simply the foreigner, the Jacobin, the alarming and rather ridiculous unknown. Little by little the fine features and the graceful person begin to be suggested. When at last English caricature had formed its tradition, it learned to draw what was usually a very passable portrait. The tiger is terrible, but he is also beautiful. There is nothing more singular in all these caricatures, of whatever nationality, than the total failure—there is hardly an attempt—to render the physical Napoleon grotesque or absurd or odious. The design may strive to express contempt or scorn, but somehow the serene Italian face, with its strong yet gentle beauty, moves through them all unsullied. Indeed, when the English prints begin to contrast him with John Bull, one could almost suppose that the artist is satirising his own people rather than the enemy. The John Bull of this period was not the neat and respectable gentleman farmer of to-day. He was an incredibly gross and brutal figure—corpulent, bloated, pot-bellied, with loose, fat legs and bulging cheeks, slovenly, heavy, and choleric. It is an amazing revelation of the brutality of the time that such a figure could have been adopted as a sort of national ideal. He is invariably confronted with the slender Napoleon—the hero grew corpulent only in later life—who sups his "soupe maigre" while his antagonist carves a Gargantuan roast of beef. At one period caricature actually adopted the giant Daniel Lambert as a sort of typification of John Bull, and weighed his fleshy person in the balance of power against the slight Mounseer Boney. A quaint and naive vainglory, indeed, marks the greater number of these caricatures. The British oak rebukes the French mushroom, or the French frog swells himself in vain to the dimensions of the English bull. But there are other cartoons, more particularly those of Gillray, which strike a sincerer note. A whole series on the consequences of a French invasion display the depth and genuineness of the panic which at first drew poor comfort from its faith in our ships. One can imagine that the cartoon representing the French troops in the House of Commons, with the wigless legislators in chains, and the Speaker in the act of being torn from his chair, must often have floated through the minds of their hearers when Fox and Sheridan addressed them. There is a murderous frankness of hatred in the recurring motive of the skeleton Death and the symbolic poniard which begins to threaten Napoleon in these prints. But perhaps there is no more eloquent expression of sheer personal hate than the outrageous print by Gillray, in which Napoleon is represented as surprising Josephine dancing naked before Barras, a scene which is carefully labelled "A Fact."

Fear on occasion speaks unashamed. It is the motive of Gillray's clever but horrible picture of the butcher's shop in which Napoleon, hardly restrained by Talleyrand, is about to rush out at the sleek bull seen grazing through the doorway, while the other European beasts hang pathetic and dismembered from the walls. Hatred, panic, vainglory, they chase each other in turn through these caricatures. They are an epitome of the ugly passions of every war, and this war stirred them in their most elementary form.

The last phase brought with it no magnanimity. A generation had to pass before Englishmen could pity the fallen tyrant or repress their frank exultation at his fate. Fear had gripped their throats, and war had brought penury and privation. They jibed unashamed at the captive. Some of the Elba and St. Helena prints show a certain malicious wit. Most of them are merely vulgar and ungenerous. One cannot but smile at Cruikshank's sketch of Napoleon in Elba, as a ragged pedlar, carrying round for sale among the deserted rocks his tray of broken gingerbread kings and queens. There is wit in the conception of Napoleon at St. Helena, which was plagued with rats, informing his little victims that he had come to bring them liberty, and would give them for king his brother, the cat. But the typical cartoon of the last phase is a Hogarthian scene entitled "A Rare

Acquisition to the Royal Menagerie"; Napoleon, caged, is drawn through the streets by a pair of easter's donkeys. The children cheer; bloated men shake their fists; a bestial harridan of a woman threatens the captive with a pair of shears. Is it a conscious satire on a brutal age, or only a naive confession? The caricaturist wields a two-edged weapon. He may wound his enemy, but he also flays himself in a savage self-revelation. It is remarkable, as Swift said of the woman whom he saw flayed, how much his person is thereby altered for the worse.

#### ON FRENCH INNS.

FOLGORE DI SAN GIMIGNIANO, the troubadour with the amazing name, wrote, like the late Mr. Mortimer Collins, a series of gastronomic sonnets on the months of the year. Under the heading of October he advises the reader to

"take his physic roast with fork and knife,"

adding that

"Sounder and snugger you shall feel at home  
Than lake fish, river fish, or fish at sea,  
Inheriting the cream of Christian life."

It seems to the present writer that "the cream of Christian life," in Folgore's sense of the word, may be more successfully "inherited" in an old-fashioned French provincial inn in a country town than in any private house or public hostelry of any other part of the world.

We were reminded of the quaint medieval mixture of gastronomy and devotion the other day, by coming across a Burgundian Noël describing the preparations made on the Great Night by the innkeepers of the town of Bourg-en-Bresse. The very name of Bourg-en-Bresse sounds promising from a gastronomic point of view. It seems redolent of good things. Speaking of Burgundy in general, a French writer gratefully remarks: "Bourg nourishes excellent capons, Belley fabricates sausages as good as those of Lyon, Nantua is not content with its écrevisses and its trout. He who does not know the rissoles of Nantua has yet to learn what a rissole is. The cheese of Gex is most renowned." The Noël is so curious, and gives so pleasant a picture of the plenty reigning in the hospitable houses and pleasant inns of a mellow old Burgundian town, that the writer will be pardoned for translating (literally) some of its many stanzas:—

"As soon as the news was known in the good town of Bourg, they beat the drum, that all might bring provisions together. Fat capons, woodcocks, leverets, quails were taken from Curnillon for the réveillon supper.

"Gog brought three young turkey chicks, and stuffed a goose, and made a good ragout of a loin of veal. His wife made boudins, and got from M. de Choin a great silver basin in which to carry her present.

"They went quickly to the host of the Good Hope, who brought godiveaux and a fine andouille. He composed a fricandeau of calves' ears, and brought three little barrels of mustard of Dijon.

"When the host of the St. Francis heard the noise of spits and frying-pans in the quarter of Tesnière, he ordered his valet to make a pottingue of chicken so good that it made all the world lick their five fingers and their lips.

"When the host of the Shield saw people starting in the moonlight, he mixed five crowns of sugar with fine flour, to make those cakes like castles, which are better than bread for ladies and children."

So they go on. The landlord of the Apple sends two tarts so good that the servants eat them on the way. The chef of the Queen Claude dances round his oven as he makes all sorts of delicate pâtisserie. The hostess of the Olive Tree keeps turning, turning, turning, her bugnettes in the pan. The landlord of the Ship puts into his big hat a cheese so spicy and good that all the dogs follow him on the way.

These might be fantastic inns in some delightful country of Cockayne, rather than the hostelries of one Burgundian town. But the same joyous tradition of hospitality and good cooking reigns all over France. Mr. Henry James says that Touraine is "the land of good dinners." Speaking from our own experience, we should be inclined to give the palm among all the provinces to that pleasant land of Rabelais. The Inn of the Pheasant at Tours is, or was ten years ago, the



Queen of Hosteleries. A recent correspondent of the "Times" says that, in the course of a motor tour through France this autumn, he came to look with positive veneration on the chef of a French inn. In 1899, the year of the Dreyfus trial, the chef of the Pheasant was an artist. We still remember gratefully his langoustes mayonnaise, his confections of perdreaux, his pâles, his sauce verte with cold fish, his grenouilles. What delightful food, too, in simpler places, at Loches, at Azay-le-Rideau, at Amboise! However, the "friture de Loire," which frequently appeared, was pure mud, that autumn, in Touraine.

One great feature of the food in French inns is its catholicity. We remember an old man enthusiastically praising the food of the English workhouse of which he was an inmate. "The best of food," he remarked, "suitable for either Protestants or Catholics." The religionist of any persuasion must be hard to please who will not find something he likes in the menu of a French provincial table d'hôte. There is something democratic in French cookery which is very pleasant. "Perdrix au chou" is a dish that would never be dreamed of in an aristocratic country like our own, but it is excellent with its morsels of fat bacon or little salty sausages. In Touraine you may see the personnel of the hôtel feasting on escargots under a grape-loaded trellis. One must draw the line somewhere—the present writer draws it at tripe—but it is a mistake to be too fastidious. We remember in a village in Savoy, where one could not get shaved or buy a newspaper, coming upon a cheerful old woman compounding some mixture in a great copper pot. In answer to inquiries, she said it was "un plat de pays." If we remember rightly, its principal ingredients were cabbage and sausages. We went farther and fared worse, and in the late afternoon returned to the old lady, who served us with big ripe pears, ambrosial pâtisserie, and café-au-lait, for seventy-five centimes. Talking of the French habit of eating everything, it is curious to find dishes which most English people would consider garbage, alternating with luxuries which few English people ever taste at all. We remember at that delightful hostelry in the market-place at Quimper, the Lion d'Or, after two or three dishes that put a severe strain upon us, being suddenly offered a hot lobster cooked in white wine.

The dishes vary in the different provinces. Inland, of course, one loses the fish of the Channel, and the shrimps and mussels—those delicate creatures of narrow seas and friendly shores. We could never pretend to much enthusiasm for écrevisses. A dozen of the prawns of Vannes are worth all the écrevisses in the world. On the Breton coast they begin déjeuner day after day with oysters, and go on with prawns. Like the "Times" correspondent before referred to, the present writer this autumn found the goodness and cheapness of the food at the inns of small country towns like Josselin and Plœrmel simply astonishing. Brittany, however, is a more or less tourist country. In Poitou, one thinks, one would be really in France. Here one would find the true gaiety of the "windy fields"—here would be menus like Stevenson's, "a fish from the lake in a Béarnaise sauce, a melon, asparagus, a fat fowl in a fricassée." With what joy we heard the host at Josselin announce, "Mon-sieur, je suis poitevin"!

One likes all sorts of French country inns, and everything about them. One likes to watch the resourceful Madame, in the kitchen of the humbler houses, cutting up the cold meat, and, whilst her guests are eating it, making the omelette for the next course. One likes the great courtyards of larger houses, into which one feels the troupe of comedians from "Capitaine Fracasse" may burst at any time. One likes their names, with their suggestions of French history, the most enthralling romance in the world—for instance, "Hôtel Marie de Médicis." One likes, too, the names of the dishes the chef so skilfully compounds. What, for example, can be more poetic than "tournedos marchand de vin"? This, no doubt, was the father of Beauty who married the Beast, the rich merchant who brought home to his daughters the pearl necklace, the silk dress, and the white rose, and for whom this particular beefsteak was always

served on his journeys through the towns of France. Again, one likes the aubergiste himself, in all his glory and pride. "C'est une belle fleur," said the innkeeper at Coutances, pointing to a big magnolia in flower in the inn garden. Last, not least, one likes the commis voyageurs. It is often a delight to listen to their conversation. At a table d'hôte in Brittany this autumn a quaint little man from the Midi was extolling the glories of a vegetarian diet, as he dined off potatoes and haricot beans. "Malgré tout, messieurs," he said, "j'ai resté frugal." Towards the close of the meal he developed a longing for fruit. "Je donnerais, ma vie, messieurs, pour des fruits, des raisins, des pêches, des poires." He went on in this strain of heart-rending eloquence for so long that the serving-maid was touched, and produced a few green plums. "Des fruits! des fruits!" exclaimed the little man with transport, in the tone of one who after desert leagues beholds the sea. "Fructus," exclaimed a fat commis voyageur opposite. Here was the Latin tradition—the still living Latin tongue.

## Short Studies.

### THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY.

UNDER a burning blue sky, among the pine trees and junipers, the cypresses and olives of that Odyssean coast, we came one afternoon on a pink house bearing the legend: "Osteria di Tranquillità"; and, partly because of the name, and partly because we did not expect to find a house at all in those goat-haunted groves above the waves, we tarried for contemplation. To the familiar simplicity of that Italian building there were not lacking signs of a certain spiritual change, for out of the olive grove which grew to its very doors, a skittle-alley had been formed, and two baby cypress trees cut into the effigies of a cock and hen. The song of a gramophone, too, was breaking forth into the air, as it were the presiding voice of a high and cosmopolitan mind. And, lost in admiration, we became conscious of the odor of a full-flavored cigar. Yes—in the skittle alley a gentleman was standing, who wore a bowler hat, a bright brown suit, pink tie, and very yellow boots. His head was round, his cheeks fat and well-colored, his lips red and full under a black moustache, and he was regarding us through very thick and half-closed eyelids.

Perceiving him to be the proprietor of the high and cosmopolitan mind, we accosted him.

"Good-day!" he replied; "I spik English. Been in Amurrica—yes."

"You have a lovely place here."

Sweeping a glance over the skittle-alley, he sent forth a long puff of smoke; then, turning to my companion (of the politer sex) with the air of one who has made himself perfect master of a foreign tongue, he rejoined:

"Too b—— quiet."

"Precisely; the name of your inn, perhaps, suggests——"

"I change all that—soon I call it Anglo-American hotel."

"Ah! yes; you are very up-to-date already."

He closed one eye and smiled.

Having passed a few more compliments, we proceeded to walk on; and, coming presently to the edge of the sea, lay down on the thyme and the crumbled leaf-dust. All the small singing birds had long been shot and eaten; there came to us no sound but that of the waves swimming in on a gentle south wind. The wanton creatures seemed stretching out white arms to the land, flying desperately from a sea of such stupendous serenity; and from their bare shoulders their hair floated back, pale in the sunshine. If the air was void of sound, it was full of scent—that delicious and enlivening perfume of mingled gum, and herbs, and sweet wood being burned somewhere a long way off; and a silky, golden warmth slanted on to us through the olives and umbrella pines. Large red violets were growing near. On such a cliff might Theocritus have lain, spinning his songs; on that



divine sea Odysseus should have passed. And we felt that presently the goat-god must put his head forth from behind a rock.

It seemed a little queer that our friend in the bowler hat should move and breathe within one short flight of a cuckoo from this home of Pan. One could not but at first feelingly remember the old Boer saying: "O God, what things man sees when he goes out without a gun!" But soon the infinite incongruity of that juxtaposition began to produce within one a curious eagerness, a sort of half-philosophical delight. It began to seem too good, almost too romantic, to be true. To think of the gramophone wedded to the thin sweet singing of the olive leaves in the evening wind; to remember the scent of his rank cigar marrying with this wild incense; to read that enchanted name: "Inn of Tranquillity," and hear the bland and affable remark of the gentleman who owned it—such were, indeed, phenomena to stimulate souls to speculation. And all unconsciously one began to justify them by thoughts of the other incongruities of existence—the strange, the passionate incongruities of youth and age, wealth and poverty, life and death; the wonderful odd bedfellows of this world; all those lurid contrasts which haunt a man's spirit till sometimes he is ready to cry: Rather than live where such things can be, let me die!

Like a wild bird tracking through the air, one's meditation wandered on, following that trail of thought, till the chance encounter became marvellously luminous. That Italian gentleman of the world, with his bowler hat, his skittle-alley, his gramophone, who had planted himself down in this temple of wild harmony, was he not Progress itself—the blind figure with the stomach full of new meats, and the brain of raw notions? Was he not the very embodiment of the wonderful child, Civilization, so possessed by a new toy each day, that she has no time to master its use—naïve creature lost amid her own discoveries! Was he not the very symbol of that which was making economists thin, thinkers pale, artists haggard, statesmen bald—the symbol of Indigestion Incarnate! Did he not, delicious, gross, unconscious man, personify beneath his Americo-Italian polish all those rank and primitive instincts, whose satisfaction necessitated the million miseries of his fellows; all those thick rapacities which stir the hatred of the humane and thin-skinned! And yet, one's meditation could not stop there—it was not convenient to the heart!

A little above us, among the olive trees, two blue-clothed peasants, man and woman, were gathering the fruit—from some such couple, no doubt, our friend in the bowler hat had sprung; more virile and adventurous than his brothers, he had not stayed in the home groves, but gone forth to drink the waters of hustle and commerce, and come back—what he was. And he, in turn, would beget children, and having made his pile out of his "Anglo-American hotel" would place those children beyond the coarser influences of life, till they became, perhaps, even as ourselves the "salt of the earth" and despised him. And I thought: "I do not despise those peasants—far from it. I do not despise myself—no more than reason; why, then, despise my friend in the bowler hat, who is, after all, but the necessary link between them and me?" I did not despise the olive trees, the warm sun, the pine scent, all those material things, which had made him so thick and strong; I did not despise the golden tenuous imaginings which the trees and rocks and sea were starting in my own spirit. Why, then, despise the skittle-alley, the gramophone, those expressions of the spirit of my friend in the billy-cock hat? To despise them was ridiculous!

And suddenly I was visited by a sensation only to be described as a sort of smiling certainty, emanating from, but, as it were, still tingling within every nerve of myself, and yet vibrating harmoniously with the world around. It was as if I had suddenly seen what was the truth of things, not perhaps to anybody else, but at all events to me. And I felt at once tranquil and elated, as when something is met with, which rouses and fascinates in a man all his faculties.

"For," I thought, "if it is ridiculous in me to despise my friend—that perfect marvel of disharmony—

it is ridiculous in me to despise anything. If he is a little bit of continuity, as perfectly logical an expression of a necessary phase or mood of existence as I myself am—then, surely, there is nothing in all the world that is not a little bit of continuity, the expression of a little necessary mood. Yes," I thought, "he and I, and those olive trees, and this spider on my hand, and everything in the Universe which has an individual shape, are all fit expressions of the separate moods of a great underlying Mood or Principle, which must be perfectly adjusted, revolving and revolving on itself. For if It did not volve and revolve on Itself, It would peter out at one end or the other, and the image of this petering out no man with his mental apparatus can conceive. Therefore one must conclude It to be perfectly adjusted and everlasting. But if It is perfectly adjusted and everlasting, we are all little bits of continuity, and if we are all little bits of continuity, it is ridiculous for one of us to despise another. So," I thought, "I have now proved it from my friend in the billy-cock hat up to the Universe, and from the Universe down, back again to my friend."

And I lay on my back and looked at the sky. It seemed friendly to my thought with its smile, and few white clouds, saffron-tinged like the plumes of a white duck in sunlight. "And yet," I wondered, "though we may be equally necessary, I am certainly irritated by my friend, and shall as certainly continue to be irritated—not only by him, but by a thousand other men and things. And as to the things that I love and admire, am I to suppress these loves and admirations because I know them merely to be the necessary expressions of the moods of an underlying Principle that turns and turns on Itself? Does not this way nullify lie?" But then I thought: "Not so; for you cannot believe in the great adjusted Mood or Principle without believing in each little and individual part of It. And you are yourself a little individual part; therefore you must believe in that little individual part which is *you*, with all its natural likings and dislikings, and, indeed, you cannot show your belief except by expression of those likings and dislikings. And so, with a light heart, you may go on being irritated with your friend in the bowler hat, you may go on loving those peasants and this sky and sea. But, since you have this theory of life, you may not despise anyone or anything, not even a skittle-alley, for they are all threaded to you, and to despise them would be to blaspheme against continuity, and to blaspheme against continuity would be to deny Eternity. Love you cannot help, and hate you cannot help; but contempt is—for you—the sovereign idiocy, the irreligious fancy!"

There was a bee weighing down a blossom of thyme close by, and underneath the stalk a very ugly little centipede. The wild bee, with his little dark body and his busy bear's legs, was lovely to me, and the creepy centipede gave me shudders; but it was a pleasant thing to feel so sure that he, no less than the bee, was a little mood expressing himself out in harmony with Design—a tiny thread on the miraculous quilt. And I looked at him with a sudden zest and curiosity; it seemed to me that in the mystery of his queer little creepings I was enjoying the Supreme Mystery; and I thought: "If I knew all about that wriggling beast, then, indeed, I might despise him; but, truly, if I knew all about him I should know all about everything—Mystery would be gone, and I could not bear to live!"

So I stirred him with my finger, and he went away.

"But how"—I thought—"about such as do not feel it ridiculous to despise; how about those whose temperaments and religions show them all things so plainly that they know they are right and others wrong? They must be in a bad way!" And for some seconds I felt sorry for them, and was discouraged. But then I thought "Not at all—obviously not! For if they do not find it ridiculous to feel contempt, they are perfectly right to feel contempt, which is natural to them; and you have no business to be sorry for them, for that is, after all, only your euphemism for contempt. They are all right, being the expressions of contemptuous moods, having religions and so forth, suitable to these moods; and the religion of your mood would be Greek to them, and probably a matter for contempt. But this only makes it the

more interesting. For though to you, for instance, it may seem impossible to worship Mystery with one lobe of the brain, and with the other to explain it, the thought that this may not seem impossible to others should not discourage you; it is but another little piece of that mystery which makes life so wonderful, and sweet."

The sun, fallen now almost to the level of the cliff, was slanting upwards on to the burnt-red pine boughs, which had taken to themselves a queer resemblance to the great brown limbs of the wild men Titian drew in his pagan pictures; and down below us the sea-nymphs, still swimming to shore, seemed eager to embrace them in the enchanted groves. All was fused in that golden glow of the sun going down—sea and land gathered into one transcendent mood of light and color, as if Mystery desired to bless us by showing how perfect was that worshipful adjustment, whose secret we could never know. And I said to myself: "None of those thoughts of yours are new, and in a vague way even you have thought them before; but, all the same, they have given you some little feeling of tranquillity."

And at that word of fear I rose and invited my companion to return towards the town. But as we stealthily crept by the "Osteria di Tranquillità," our friend in the bowler hat came out with a gun over his shoulder, and waved his hand toward the Inn.

"You come again in two week—I change all that! And now," he added, "I go to shoot little bird or two," and he disappeared into the golden haze under the olive trees.

A minute later we heard his gun go off, and returned homewards with a prayer.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT.

"The avenue to Parliament should be not merely theoretically open but practically open to a man without distinction of income as it is without distinction of creed."

—Sir John Simon at the Walthamstow Election.

ON this statement of faith, Sir John Simon fought his election at Walthamstow. But few of the proposals yet made would achieve anything approaching it. The payment of members and of returning officers' expenses appear to be the accepted reforms upon which Liberals are agreed. Yet it is clear that, if these are the limits of our proposals, men of wealth will still have an unfair and an overwhelming advantage. They will still be able to nurse, *i.e.*, debauch, their constituencies. An election will still cost from £400 to £3,000. It is vitally essential, if Sir John Simon's objects are to be secured, that we should not merely pay the poor man for his services when he gets to Parliament, but should secure him a fair fight in the contest to reach it. Liberals have not given the same attention to the latter subject as to payment of members, with the result that efforts to secure it are apt to be dismissed as impracticable. Nevertheless, many of those experienced in the conduct of elections consider that it is now possible to devise a water-tight scheme which will effectively break the undue power of money in elections. The following proposals are submitted as the foundation of such a scheme.

(1) The payment of the election expenses, up to the scale allowed by law, of all candidates who poll 15 per cent. of the total electorate. The limit of 15 per cent. will prevent "freak" candidates from frivolously entering the field at the public expense.

The expense of this reform to the Exchequer could be reduced to a moderate sum by the diminution of the maximum scale of expenditure to 60 per cent. of the present amount. The existing scale, drawn up twenty-seven years ago, when it was still assumed that candidates should be men of wealth, is quite unsuited to a democratic House of Commons. Under its shelter, enormous

sums are wantonly wasted upon blatant and misleading bills and posters. Much of the clerical work could be saved. The cost of meetings could be reduced by a provision that all public buildings suitable for meetings should be used by the candidates free of charge, subject to regulations to be drawn up by the local authority.

(2) The payment of election expenses, however, will not by itself remove the handicap on the poor man. His wealthy opponent, forced to fight fair during the election, may endeavor to secure an unfair advantage before the election begins by nursing the constituency with subscriptions and gifts. Tasmania has boldly prohibited this modern substitute for bribery by rendering it illegal for any candidate within six months of the poll "to offer, promise, or give directly or indirectly, to or for any club or other association, any gift, donation, or prize" (Tasmanian Electoral Act of 1906). Without being so thorough as Tasmania, we can provide a check which would in practice be almost equally effective. Let all subscriptions, &c., from either the candidate or his wife, *if given within six months of the election*, be compulsorily included in his return of election expenses, and reckoned as part of his maximum expenditure. This cannot be called an extreme proposal, but it will nevertheless provide an automatic check upon lavish "ground baiting" by wealthy candidates. This is due to the reason that our politics are usually so precarious that there are very few periods in which an election is not a possibility within six months. The wealthy candidate would, in consequence, find himself compelled to exercise a continuous restraint upon his suspicious generosity, for if he did not, his very wealth would give the advantage to his opponent. The latter would have his maximum intact for the contest itself, while the former would have dissipated the whole or a part of his in gifts and subscriptions. There has, for instance, been no period during the life of the present Parliament when an election within six months has not seemed imminent. Such gifts, moreover, as candidates succeeded in distributing before the closed period would have a very diminished influence, for their electoral effect would largely evaporate in six months. These provisions, however, would not interfere with the legitimate respect which a resident in a district had acquired without any political objects by the generosity of a lifetime.

(3) Any scheme for the reform of elections must include a plan for putting the curb upon outside organizations. Their influence, however, seems to have been exaggerated as the result of their flagrant excesses in one or two by-elections. It is in these by-elections that they are most in evidence, but their effect in a General Election is by no means so great. In normal contests, the candidate himself and whatever is directly connected with his name are the decisive factors. It is, nevertheless, intolerable that these bodies should be outside the Corrupt Practices Acts. They can spend money without any maximum limit, can hire paid canvassers, and can, with impunity, be guilty of practices for which a successful candidate would most surely be unseated. It is time that they were made as responsible as the candidates themselves. All individuals and organizations that spend more than £1 in an election should be compelled to register themselves with the Head Postmaster in the constituency. At the close of the election they should be required to send in a return of their election expenses of exactly the same character as is required from the candidate, and similarly subject to penalties. This fixing of responsibility would go far to free elections from the grosser abuses of which these organizations have been guilty.

If at the same time it were provided that they should, before taking any part in an election, disclose upon oath the source of their funds, many of the more mysterious of them would disappear. The law compels the subscribers to the most humble companies to allow the public to know their names. The electors of a constituency have at least as much right to know the names of those who take it upon themselves to endeavour to influence their judgment. These suggestions and a number of others are explained, with a wealth of



practical knowledge drawn from his experience as an election agent, by Mr. Ellis Powell, in his "Essentials of Self-Government."

The crisis created by the Osborne judgment gives Liberalism the opportunity of a generation. If proposals such as these were adopted, Parliament would be in truth "as practically open to a man without distinction of income as it is without distinction of creed." Liberal members would at the same time be saved from the hypocrisy of having to explain away, when questioned in their constituencies, the wholesale creation of Liberal peerages due to the demands of the party war-chests. If, however, these reforms are not carried by the momentum of the Osborne judgment, they will wait for many years to come. It is impossible at this moment to tell where payment of members will stand in the programme of the Government. The purpose of this article is to urge that, whenever it is taken, it shall be part of the larger scheme without which its objects cannot be achieved.

H. B. LEES SMITH.

## Communications.

### HOW OUR FATHERS TRAVELLED.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The recent strike of railwaymen in France, and the consequent suspension of train service, set people thinking of the old days of Continental travel, and we had references in the Press to Sterne and his "désobligeant" at the Hotel Dessein (which, by the way, he did not use, except as a vehicle for a preface), and to Arthur Young, and other famous tourists of the pre-railroad times. But in truth we need not go back for much more than the span of three-score years and ten for the days when the traveller made his journeys by coach and diligence, and when he was thankful if "the packet" took him across the Channel from Dover to Calais in some three hours.

I have before me an old diary, which is one of my most cherished possessions, for it is my father's journal of a tour through France, Northern Italy, Switzerland, and the Black Forest, in the summer of 1832, when he was a young barrister, just as old as the century, and still unmarried; and although I cannot expect others to feel the personal charm which for me hangs around its pages, I think, nevertheless, that the picture which it so vividly presents to us of the manner in which the ordinary British tourist had to travel in the early years of the nineteenth century, may not be without interest to the general reader in these restless days of steam and speed.

It commences thus: "London. Thursday, August 22nd, 1832. 11 morning. Dover.  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 in the evening." How would that suit the hurrying, bustling traveller of to-day? From 11 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. consumed by a coach-journey from London to Dover! The next entry is: "Friday, August 23rd. Woke at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6. The packet was to sail at 8. I ran out in a great hurry to the sea, and had as delicious a swim as I can remember. . . . We were well out of Dover at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, and were alongside of Calais pier at 11. . . . I sat upon the anchor—the picture of anything but Hope—and waited my fate. Don Juan's image and Apostrophes were in my eyes, and on my tongue!"

"The packet"! That, indeed, takes us back to the days of Sterne; for readers of "A Sentimental Journey" will remember how he tells us the story of his crossing to Calais; how he took a place in the Dover stage; "and the packet sailing at nine the next morning, by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasseed chicken, so incontestibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'aubaine*." But Sterne, after enjoying many "sentimental" experiences at Calais, purchases a chaise for twelve guineas, orders post horses, engages a servant—the immortal La Fleur—and so proceeds upon his way in much luxury for a man who was not even—to use his own expressive but not very elegant language—"a lousy prebendary." My journalist was not so fortunate, and had to put up with

many discomforts. "The *Malle-poste* of Friday night brought us to Amiens to dinner on Saturday, and stayed there an hour or two." This, at any rate, gave him an opportunity of seeing the Cathedral, with which he is "infinitely struck," though he laments the tawdry decorations, and "absurd thunders and lightnings, and heavens, and weak attempts at inconceivable images" that disfigure it.

"In the evening we started for Paris. Our party was very select. Hayward [this was Abraham Hayward, the author of 'The Art of Dining,' a well-known raconteur, who died not many years ago] was in the *Intérieur*, with a jockey who was *en route* to Paris to ride a horse of Lord Henry Seymour's, at the races in the Champs de Mars the next day—Sunday." They get to Paris at 5 o'clock on the Sunday morning, and the writer goes to bed forthwith at the Hotel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne ("Mem. never to go there again," he chronicles.), and sleeps till nine, when he sallies forth to secure a place in the *Malle-poste* for the same evening. "To my horror there wasn't a place to be had till the following Wednesday—and the 'Diligence' was equally full, *Coupé*, *Rotonde*, and *Intérieur*. I forthwith booked myself, *coûte qui coûte*, for a place behind the *postillon's* box (there was no *cabriolet*), to lie upon straw, under cover of the luggage, and bear my fate like a man, for I couldn't afford to lose three days at Paris." And this is how he leaves Paris: "Monday, August 27th. We started at 9 o'clock. A native of Besançon—apparently a merchant about fifty—who, like me, had tried in vain for a place in the *Malle-poste*, was my companion in the *Impériale*, as they called it. We hadn't room to sit quite upright, but after getting some straw, and after my friend had bewailed his fate most piteously, I resigned myself very calmly to mine, making up my mind to lie quietly on my back, and never move, but to get down at the end of every stage, and wait quietly for the efflux of time."

Think of that, ye who rush through the country in *trains de luxe*, with all the comforts of the restaurant car and the *wagon-lit*! How would you like to pass days and nights upon uneasy pallets stretching you, couched upon straw, with no room to sit upright?—And so they "jog along the banks of the Yonne"—an unknown river, I fancy, to most British tourists of to-day. And so they crawl on to Dôle, where my journalist stays for three hours, and whence they go "at a very steady pace down an avenue of the finest poplars I have ever seen, towards Poligny, which is exactly at the foot of the Jura mountains, now well in view." But he is a great walker, and he starts on foot, with the Diligence toiling behind, to walk up the gorge of the Jura. "We had a long ascent up Napoleon's road, and most exquisite it was to look back through the pass with a bold rocky mountain at the extremity on either side, and a boundless view of the plains of France, far below us, and fading into blue from the distance, and the closing of the day." And in this manner he gets to Les Rousses (where they have to show their passports), "long before the Diligence, having passed through a most wild and picturesque mountain gorge." It comes on to rain, and he fears lest he shall miss "the famous view of Geneva and the Alps from the last ridge of the Jura." But "when we arrived at the spot the curtain of clouds was just raising itself, and the promised land lay at our feet—charming beyond my feeble powers! There lay the far-famed lake from ten to fifteen miles off; and stretching away to the left to any distance the projecting cliffs of the Jura closed our home view, and the Alps finished the background. Geneva was glittering in the distance, and the Rhone sparkled in the sun like silver." Well, perhaps travelling by coach had its advantages sometimes, as well as its discomforts.

He walks on ahead of the Diligence to Gex, and "here we exhibited our passports for the last time to a French *gens d'armes*, and in a few minutes were in merry Switzerland—the land of my long hopes and dreams." He had left London on August 22nd, and he reaches Geneva about 4 p.m. on August 30th. But he is bound for Italy, and he has no "*Austrian visé*" on his passport, so he sends it to Berne for that necessary formality, and not till September 6th does he get it back from official hands. Meantime, *aestuat infelix*, but employs the interval in seeing Lausanne, Vevey, and Chillon, and boating on and bathing in Lake Lemán. At last it arrives, and he sets off once more up the lake to Villeneuve, and thence, partly by Diligence and



partly on foot, up the valley of the Rhone. It is curious to read that when he gets to St. Maurice, late at night, walking with a knapsack on his back, he finds the gates closed, and has to exhibit his passport to "the soldier in the Guardhouse," and then to hammer and holloa at the gates till at length they are opened, on payment of a small fee. On Friday, September 7th, he starts at 5.30 a.m. in the Diligence for Brieg, where they arrive about 7 p.m., but he does not stay there long, for "our conducteur summoned us next morning, or rather, in the night, at one o'clock, and about two we were *en route*." But he soon quits the lumbering Diligence, and walks on ahead up the Simplon Road, and we find him still walking ahead on the descent after Domo d'Ossola, and he tells us how he has his first view of the Lago Maggiore. I must premise, however, that this also is a "sentimental journey," though he is not, like Sterne, looking for sentiment, real or imaginary, wherever he goes, and finding it in a dead ass, or a captive starling, or "poor Maria, sitting under a poplar"—still less in a beautiful *grisette*, or a fair *fille de chambre*. No, he brings it all with him from England. Whole pages have been blotted out of the diary, but enough remains to show that there has been a bad *affaire du cœur*. The fair one has been faithless, it would seem, and the dream is over, leaving behind it many sad memories of vanished hopes, and a bitter legacy of those

"Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
And with ghastly whispers tell  
That joy, once lost, is pain."

He flies abroad for change of scene, and change of thought, but finds that *coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*; and, though he has vowed to forget, and will manfully keep his vow, yet, during all the first part of his tour, at any rate, he does but drag a lengthening chain. Hence many melancholy musings, most of them carefully blotted out at a later date, when he was once more heart-whole.

And now for the Lago Maggiore. He is walking at night before the Diligence, wondering when he shall see genuine Italy, "when all of a sudden, turning a corner, without a moment's notice, and within a few yards of me, the Lago Maggiore burst on me in full magnificence! My God, what I felt at that moment! That my unhallowed eyes should ever gaze on the Lago Maggiore! For miles and miles, as we wound slowly along the margin, I fixed my eyes upon its sweet waters and woody banks, and the varied outline of the mountains, now rising into Alpine magnificence and now subsiding to the water's edge. And then the islands, and the rising moon! Woe's me that I was alone to see it!"

"Oh that my unhallowed eyes should ever gaze on the Lago Maggiore!" From how many a modern tourist would such an exclamation burst forth at first sight of an Italian lake? To how many does the Lago Maggiore reveal itself like this, in poetry and romance beneath the moon?

Let us listen once more to the journalist of a long-gone year. "The evening was Italian in the extreme; the gentlest warm breath of air blew in one's face, and raised just enough of ripple to make a long line of light to the moon that Claude only could attempt; and in some places the lake was so glassy that I saw the Isola Bella in front of a mountain a long way off on the opposite side, and the reflection of the island distinctly in the water projected upon the face of the reflection of the mountain, which completely covered it. But that ripple for me! It was the softest and most spiritual effect moving over the face of the water that I ever beheld. How it reminded me of the faint heavenly smile and unearthly expression that I have seen pass over the face of —" And, here, alas, is a *hiatus valde defendus*, for the next half-dozen lines are all carefully blotted out. He has not yet broken the bonds that bind him, but he is resolute, and will finally emancipate himself before long, for, as he chronicles, "it passed over me only as the wind swept over the lake,"

"Nec semel offensae cedet constantia formae,  
Si certus intravit dolor."

And, once fairly in Switzerland again and on "the open road," knapsack on back and stout stick in hand, he is himself once more, and wakes the mountain echoes on the Grimsel with a wild song of emancipation and delight:—

"Hui auf! once more to mountains flown,  
In strength, in sunshine, and alone;  
With brainless head, unwearied knee,  
This is the life is meet for me,  
And as I jog along the hill  
Beshrew me if it doesn't feel  
That earth from me is newly riven,  
And every step is nearer heaven.  
The Devil take ambition now,  
And Heaven take my lady's brow,  
That never cared a straw for me  
And shall, geschwind, forgotten be.  
Down to the jolly winds I toast  
All that I ever loved or lost,  
My laughing friends, and trusty foes,  
And there Miss \*\*\* goes;  
Her liquid locks, and Grecian chin,  
And all the charms I could not win.  
Commend me to a friend like thee,  
Thou Grimsel, for an hour of glee;  
And that white Jungfrau is my bride  
And every young Swiss frau beside—  
A sadder man did never die,  
Nor happier 'breathing brute' than I."

And so on, in a mad pean of freedom regained, albeit he is subsequently constrained to confess that, do what he will, the same image still "haunts his days and hallows all his dreams."

Finally, we read how our journalist arrives in London after six consecutive nights out of bed, and starts for Exeter—for the Quarter Sessions—by coach between four and five o'clock the next morning.

And yet how those old travellers seem to have enjoyed it all!—Yours, &c., G. G. G.

## Letters to the Editor.

### JOHN BRIGHT ON ARMAMENTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It has occurred to me that the enclosed letter might at the present time be interesting to your readers. It has recently been unexpectedly returned to me by a friend. It was addressed to my father as President of the Birmingham Liberal Association. On reading the letter again I am much struck by a clause in the last paragraph: "how much an earnest public opinion is wanted to arrest the extravagant and scandalous expenditure which every statesman in turn condemns, and which no one of them seems able to diminish." Ardent supporter, though I claim to be, of the present Government, I confess I have followed their expenditure on armaments with great searchings of heart. I am grateful to THE NATION for its weighty and continuous protest. It seems to me they have bent to the storm of panic outcries of "Empire in danger!" instead of boldly and firmly defying its power.

In the remarkable contribution to the "Daily Chronicle" on the matter of Anglo-German relations, two points specially drew my attention—one, that the correspondent brought back with him a clear and vivid impression that "Anglo-German official relations, though in diplomatic parlance correct, are not cordial. Everywhere the two Powers are working in veiled, sometimes unveiled, antagonism." The other point is that a German gentleman said to the correspondent: "The deplorable fact is the British diplomatic service is honey-combed with hostility towards Germany and her interests. We meet it at every turn: there is an undercurrent of suspicion and jealousy in every quarter, even when it is not open opposition." If this means anything, it surely means that blame lies at the door of the permanent officials. I have heard the same thing in other and usually well-informed quarters. If such a condition of things exists, it is high time that Sir Edward Grey and the Cabinet did something radical to bring about a change. Such officials, and all bitten with Germanophobia, would do well to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the powerful argument of Mr. Norman Angell, in his book, "The Great Illusion." We Liberals would do well to remember there is "Jingoism" in relation to the Navy as well as in relation to the Army.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK WRIGHT.

180, Brearley Street, Birmingham,  
November 8th, 1910.

Rochdale, January 14th, '73.

MY DEAR MR. WRIGHT,—I thank you for your letter informing me that your annual meeting is fixed for the 20th inst.

I have often expected that I should be able to attend it, and now when it is close upon us, I am much disappointed to have to write you another letter of explanation and apology. I feel as though I have little claim upon my friends in Birmingham to entitle me to the consideration and kindness they have shown me, and my only consolation is, that I have not willingly absented myself from them, and from the duties which they have entrusted to me; and that this is, as I hope and believe, the last time I shall have to trespass on their good nature and forbearance.

There are public questions on which I wish I could speak to my Constituents, and in which they take a deep interest. They are too large to be dealt with in a letter, and I must leave them for the present.

As Liberals and supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, we have much to rejoice in if we look over the time which has passed since the last General Election. There have been mistakes and disappointments, and we deplore them; but the course of the wisest and the best of men in the Government of a great country which is so encumbered with the errors of the past, is one full of difficulty, and we may fairly make some allowance for it.

We are coming near the time of another General Election—if no accident forces it on at an earlier period, it will probably take place in the autumn of next year. There are two questions to which you refer that are probably too large to be undertaken with any degree of completeness in the last years of a Parliament; I allude to the state of the County representation, and to the Land Question. These seem to me the great questions of the immediate future, and the more they are discussed by the public, the more will the Parliament be prepared to deal with them.

The question of expenditure is one which demands resolute handling. If the present Government be unable to grapple with it, it should only show us how great are the interests which oppose themselves to economy, and how much an earnest public opinion is wanted to arrest the extravagant and scandalous expenditure which every statesman in turn condemns, and which no one of them seems able to diminish.

I wish your meeting may be in every way successful. I regret deeply not to be present with you.—Believe me always very sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

Mr. S. Wright,  
Birmingham.

#### MR. CAMPBELL AND EVANGELISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Within the last few weeks, three ministers have asked me the same question. The first belonged to the German Reformed Church in America; the second to the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand; the third to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church—the three representing, as you see, stoutly Evangelical communions. The three had been to hear Mr. Campbell at the City Temple; and the question of the three was, "But is Mr. Campbell, after all, so far away from our position?" I think my answer was right: "Nothing like so far as he himself thinks."

There are multitudes of young men in the Free Church ministry in England (and a still larger proportion, I fancy, in the Scottish churches) who are to-day frankly and openly liberal in theology. They do not preach the obsolete and outworn type of Evangelicalism which Mr. Campbell frequently but quite too vehemently criticises. Many of them (I speak with knowledge), in the early days of Mr. Campbell's movement, were prepared to take the field openly with him. But when the "New Theology" was embodied in a book, they felt, rightly or wrongly, that the foundations of Mr. Campbell's positive teaching were so entirely unscientific in method and spirit that they would only misrepresent themselves to the public by identifying themselves with the movement. But this does not mean that they have not many points of contact with Mr. Campbell's position. They are as keen upon liberty and liberalism as he is. But they object to Mr. Campbell's constructive methods, and believe them to be utterly mistaken. There would be less misunderstanding if it were steadily remembered that there are Liberals outside the Liberal Christian League.

Another point I wish to emphasise is this. When "Nonconformist" groups together Dr. Campbell Morgan and Mr. Horne, and appeals to their crowded churches in proof of his thesis that their theology is right, I confess I am a little puzzled. For theologically, Dr. Morgan is frankly Conservative, while Mr. Horne, I imagine, is no less frankly Liberal. In America, the citadel of Evangelical orthodoxy, Dr. Morgan is far away the most popular religious teacher living. But I think if "Nonconformist" could arrange for Mr. Horne to preach continuously, say in New York, for a few months, he would find that Mr. Horne would, before half the time of his ministry had passed, be put in the same category as Mr. Campbell. The truth is that, outside very orthodox Evangelical circles, where a kind of Evangelical

knowledge is a tradition, the ordinary man has no faculty for discerning and judging the niceties of theological and metaphysical distinctions; and I am quite sure that (excepting some of Mr. Campbell's war-path utterances) he would be greatly perplexed to distinguish between the ordinary theology of the City Temple and that of Whitefield's.

Mr. Horne and Dr. Campbell Morgan draw the crowd, not by reason of their distinctive theological opinions, but because they are "live" men, of unusual capacity, in close touch with reality, and with a vital message; and the common people hear them gladly. And no one who listens to Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple (however clear one's sense and conviction of the quite hopeless inadequacy of the formal "New Theology"), can escape the same feeling concerning him. At least, no one can pray with Mr. Campbell without being led into the Holiest.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD ROBERTS.

Crouch Hill Presbyterian Church, N.,  
November 5th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I find in *THE NATION* this week three replies to my letter which appeared a fortnight ago. Two of the letters are perfectly fair and reasonable, and contain matter worthy of serious consideration. I heartily agree with "Liberal Christian" when he says that working men generally are inimical to priestly pretensions; but we are dealing now with Nonconformity, which is almost entirely free from clericalism and priestly arrogance. "Liberal Christian," I take it, does not think he is disproving the general coldness of Unitarianism when he shows that we are all glad to sing certain glorious old hymns written by devout Unitarians.

But the third letter, by Mr. Mudie Smith, is flippant and unfair, and revives a method of controversy which I had fondly hoped was dead and forgotten. For he invents ridiculous opinions, persuades himself that they belong to me, and then demolishes them with a somewhat laborious and fatiguing humor. He says that, if any of your readers have failed to see my letter, he will obligingly tell them what I said, and he then ascribes to me the obviously foolish remark that the test of the truth of any doctrine lies in the number of adherents it can command. If he would only read letters before replying to them he would know that I never said anything of the kind. I do not say that the Evangelical faith is true simply because a lot of people believe in it; I do say that it attracts the masses of the people because it *works*—because it answers to their deepest needs, because it is a great redemptive force in human life.

Mr. Campbell proclaimed to the world that Evangelical preachers could not get anyone to listen to them, and I proved that they could get thousands where the New Theology could with difficulty attract hundreds. Mr. Campbell stated bluntly and frankly that the hearing Evangelical preachers secure is from a very limited constituency, and that their Gospel fails to impress the ordinary listener. I showed that it was Mr. Campbell's party that had the limited constituency and failed to impress the ordinary listener. I pointed out that all over the country, in every town and city, the Evangelical Gospel was drawing overwhelming crowds of people, while the few New Theology preachers attracted, for the most part, limited and diminishing congregations. This is a fact which even the newest of New Theologians cannot possibly deny.

Mr. Mudie Smith is moved to mirth because I stated that Dr. Campbell Morgan's congregation at Westminster Chapel includes publicists and statesmen, editors of reviews and newspapers, and many other men of wide culture and broad views. I drew attention to this well-known fact in order to dispose of Mr. Campbell's suggestion that the Evangelical preacher does not appeal to the intelligence of his listeners, and that his message does not accord with the facts of life. Mr. Mudie Smith is a deacon at Dr. Clifford's chapel, and until recently he was a member of the staff of the London Missionary Society, and I am surprised, therefore, that he should see anything comic in the fact that quite intelligent people are to be found in Evangelical churches.

But my most glaring transgression, according to Mr. Mudie Smith, is that I omitted to state that Mr. Campbell himself draws large congregations. Now, I did not want to say, what I am forced to say now, that the City Temple is

not so full to-day as it was when Mr. Campbell was appointed minister, long before he started the New Theology controversy in the columns of the "Daily Mail." In those days the City Temple was crowded to the doors every Thursday morning. Now there are a large number of empty seats. It must also be remembered that Mr. Campbell found the City Temple crowded when he came there, whereas the other churches I mentioned were practically empty until a fervent, aggressive Evangelism packed them with eager listeners. If any comparisons are to be attempted, therefore, they cannot fairly be made between Westminster Chapel and the City Temple. The only fair comparison is between Westminster Chapel and the Weigh House Chapel. Here were two empty churches, both in West London and both situated some distance away from a main thoroughfare. In one church you have the Evangelical Gospel—in the other the New Theology. The former draws nearly 3,000 people—the latter nearly 200. After making every allowance for the exceptional genius of the preacher at Westminster Chapel, I say the comparison is as fair as it is significant. At the Weigh House the New Theology had a grand chance to show what it could do. It captured a large empty church in the very heart of London, surrounded by crowded tenements and huge houses of business. It placed in the pulpit one of its ablest, sanest and most earnest exponents. It could not have asked for a fairer test, a more splendid opportunity. And after many months of work—with the added advantage of having Mr. Campbell living on the premises as minister—the church is three-parts empty. Even Mr. Campbell cannot fill it. I am not saying that the number of adherents settles the truth of a doctrine, but I submit that I am justified in making a comparison between the handful of people at the Weigh House and the overwhelming crowds at Westminster Chapel and Whitefield's.

I believe all our churches will be filled just as soon as preachers discover, what Mr. Harold Begbie has already discovered, that Christianity is not a philosophy, but a living force performing visible miracles—that while Christianity, in the pulpit, is too often either an explanation or an apology, it should never be anything but an invitation and a challenge. As for Mr. Campbell himself, I think Mr. Begbie has exposed the weak point in his position in one conclusive—I had almost said crushing—sentence. Writing in the last number of the "Christian World," he says, "I feel strongly that recent attempts at the construction of a new theology would never have been made if its chief exponent had experienced the necessity for a Divine Christ in saving the most abandoned and degraded of humankind."—Yours, &c., NONCONFORMIST.

London, November 7th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The closing sentence of Mr. Campbell's letter in your issue of October 22nd was: "We, therefore, earnestly ask for the co-operation and support of all persons of liberal religious views. . . ." What a fine commentary on the present-day Christianity that this appeal was instantly met by two such letters as those of "Nonconformist" and of Mr. Hugh C. Wallace.

I am not briefed by the Liberal Christian League, but I do like to see fair play. Why should Mr. Campbell be attacked as holding views he does not hold? Should we not avoid much unpleasantness if our condemnations were not so sweeping? In this respect there are faults on both sides. Personally, I think Mr. Campbell is too sweeping in his assertion about the reason for the Salvation Army's success. But I suggest that so, too, are both your correspondents in replying to Mr. Campbell. Mr. Wallace allows his irony to run so far as to suggest that the "pioneers have as their creed a statement of doctrine knocked off in a few minutes, by the League President. . . ." Mr. Campbell has often been accused of "knocking off 'his creed' in a few minutes," and has repeatedly stated that this is not so. Your correspondents pour ridicule on the scheme of student preachers—"Nonconformist" stating that they are "to show Dr. Jowett, &c., how Evangelism ought to be carried on."

I should like to draw the attention of your correspondents to these facts:—

(1) That Mr. Campbell is truly Evangelical, but his con-

ception of that high office is that it can be raised to a more intellectual plane, with great gain.

(2) That, therefore, he does not wish to supplant all orthodox methods if they have issue in practical good lives, but merely claims "that there is room for Evangelising work of another order." I am a Wesleyan Methodist. I do not, therefore, consider that my Church has a monopoly of the only true means of Evangelism. There is room for all good methods. Can anyone seriously contend that for Humanity there is only one manner in which God may be perceived? "Nonconformist" appears to think so. Mr. Campbell states that "religion is simply the response of the heart to the drawing of that which is above time and sense." One who perceives that is not likely to wish to displace *any* means to that end. If he considers there is a better means than those currently accepted, and if he is an honest man, he will strive to persuade men to accept his means—the end is the same.

(3) That if the appeal of Christ is made on an intellectual basis, the resultant life is generally likely to be of more practical use in this world. A developed intellect is not an essential to Christlikeness, but it is a wonderfully effective equilibrator.

I think the rather cheap sneers at the fewness of the numbers at the King's Weigh House may be, in part, attributed to the reason that the standard of Christian life, as perceived by Mr. Campbell and emphasised in his preaching, is a higher one than the "orthodox" presentments of to-day. Appeal to the highest, and you will have, often, fewer adherents.—Yours, &c., D. Y. M. THORNTON.

November 1st, 1910.

#### KING'S WEIGH HOUSE SERVICES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is a pity that the valuable correspondence regarding this matter should be marred by any personal references. The pivotal point is not "Campbell or Campbell Morgan," but something far deeper and more vital. May I reply to Mr. Lewis? He asks for fairness in judging Mr. Campbell's work. That is not at issue. Mr. Campbell had a large congregation at Brighton before he was a New Theologian. There were crowds at the City Temple before he was its minister.

We all admire Mr. Lewis: indeed, to some of us he stands for the real brain of the movement. So far as culture and intellectual force are concerned, he merits a higher success than seems probable at the Weigh House, where, by the way, Mr. Campbell is stated to be one of the ministers.

Perhaps the sermon he preached this morning may offer some explanation of the peculiar difficulties of his work. It was on "The working definition of the Gospel," and was a fine presentation of his view of Truth, a masterly defence of the familiar New Theology position that Jesus was only Man. "His consciousness of oneness with God was none other than a human consciousness," and "was not reached by any supernatural endowment, else the Gospel vanishes." Mr. Lewis was logical, for in both prayer and sermon he quoted: "He was tempted in all points like as we are," but left the sentence unfinished.

Is it any wonder that out of a small congregation (among which there were not fifty men) only a few remained to the Communion service? At this service Mr. Lewis expressly said, "He is not other than we are."

Remembering Mr. Campbell's comments on Father Adderley's address at the City Temple, may we not respectfully ask, How is it possible to harmonise the two positions? What is there in common between the Mass, which Mr. Campbell is "very much at home with," and this view of his colleague in the King's Weigh House?

Could Father Adderley and Mr. Campbell together join in the Weigh House service without sacrificing some vital belief?

To ask this question is to suggest but one of the grave difficulties raised by the "New Theology."—Yours, &c., ERNEST JONES.

National Liberal Club, November 6th, 1910.

#### THE ABUSE OF ADJECTIVES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Duke of Argyll, in a recent political letter, talks about "these little islands." His Grace does not refer,



as might be supposed by one unfamiliar with our current political phraseology, to the Scilly Islands, but to Great Britain and Ireland. I have heard that a statesman of very different calibre, the late Mr. Gladstone, set the example of calling Britain "this small little island." But no authority can make such language other than ridiculous. Words expressing magnitude have none but a relative significance; and in the most correct as well as in the most popular parlance "small" and "little" are only used to designate objects of less than the average or ordinary dimensions of their class. Now, on this way of reckoning, Great Britain is not a little island, but an enormously big one. Tacitus, whose geographical horizon extended from the Canaries to Ceylon, calls it "insularum quas Romana notitia complectitur maxima"; and modern discoveries have, I believe, only disclosed two islands exceeding ours in size, Borneo and New Guinea—for Australia, of course, counts as a continent. In fact, we take a higher rank among islands than North America takes among continents. The country where I am writing, Italy, is, apart from its islands, scarcely larger than Great Britain; yet nobody would dream of calling it a little peninsula, considerably as it is surpassed in mere size by the Balkan, Iberian, and Scandinavian peninsulas, to say nothing of the huge masses of Arabia and India.

As for Ireland, although one smiles at the patriot who argued for Home Rule on the ground that "God has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom," we must admit that the sister island much exceeds in extent the ancient kingdoms of Egypt, Crete, and Palestine, the medieval kingdoms of Sicily and Scotland, the modern kingdoms of Greece, Holland, and Belgium, besides ranking in the first class of European islands.

Of course, territorial extent contributes to national greatness only in so far as it affords room for population. But I submit that to speak of a territory that houses forty-four millions of human beings in depreciating diminutives is grotesque.—Yours, &c.,  
A. W. BENN.

Florence, Italy, November 5th, 1910.

#### THE DEATH SENTENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I write to support the plea of your correspondent for the abolition of the death penalty. That Crippen is guilty there is, I think, no room for doubt, and his conduct was throughout cold-blooded and without redeeming features. But this does not in any way alter the repulsive nature of the ceremony which will shortly be enacted in the name of justice. Even if we had scales accurately to weigh a man's moral guilt, and to estimate the influence of heredity and environment, even then, to punish in the name of justice, of an abstraction, would be absurd. "Eye for eye" is, or ought to be, out of date. Yet, judging by the conversations I have heard during the recent trial, it is primarily as an act of vengeance that Crippen's execution will be regarded.

There are only two rational grounds for punishment: the reformation of the offender, and the protection of Society. The former bars out a death penalty. As regards the latter, it has not, I think, been proved that the death penalty is necessary for the protection of Society. In any case, the deliberate killing in cold blood of a sentient, thinking fellow-creature is too high a price to pay for security. I, for one, prefer to run a slight additional risk, if additional risk there be. I agree with Tarde, the French penologist, that "there is a degree of profanation of men's bodies, even without the infliction of pain, which is intolerable and invincibly repellent to the nervous system of the civilised public. And the guillotine (or hanging) certainly goes beyond that point."

Our newspapers during the past few weeks have pandered in disgraceful fashion to the morbid taste of the public, and when the day of execution comes they will have a fresh opportunity. So far from impressing upon people the sacredness of human life, the case has been the occasion of heartless jokes in disgustingly bad taste. If I cited them, you would not print them.

Let Society set an example of the value of human life by refusing to take it.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. MAY.

1, Norland-square, W., November 7th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I entirely agree with your correspondent who signs himself F. G. Montagu Powell on the subject of capital punishment. But his letter touches a much larger question. Emerson says somewhere that "the doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England." And there is a great deal of truth in that saying. If capital punishment is, as your correspondent affirms, "a relic of barbarism pure and simple," so also, in a greater degree, is war. But it is undoubtedly supported by wrong views of the Old Testament. On occasions of national thanksgiving for victories, preachers are at a loss to find a text in the New Testament. And a good deal of our ecclesiastical doctrine and ritual may be traced to the same source. "Ye have heard that it has been said by them of old time. . . . but I say unto you"—and we choose the former!—Yours, &c.,

November 8th, 1910.

JAMES JEAKES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. G. Montagu Powell, is scarcely correct in characterising Genesis ix. 6 as "a law made for a half-civilised, half-barbarous tribe . . . enacted for the Jews." It was to Noe that God said, "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed," thus appointing capital punishment as a fundamental of human government. Moses merely confirmed this law for the Jews. St. Paul calls upon Christians to "be subject to higher powers" (Romans xiii. 1), adding that the magistrate "beareth not the sword (i.e., the power of life and death) in vain" (ib. 4).—Yours, &c.,  
S. M. LEIGH DE LEIGH.

"The Woodlands," Highams Park, Essex.

November 9th, 1910.

#### Poetry.

MERLIN.

THIS forest-ground is haunted everywhere,  
Whether the race of leaves through the thick air  
Rush down the avenues with aimless waft,  
And brown flowers linger on their autumn shaft,  
Or whether, full-voiced, the wide forest heaves  
Through all its palace-roof of one-hued leaves,  
And the dews drip upon a mat unworn  
Of seedling oak, and furrowy kex and thorn,  
And briar ambrosial. Within such a glade  
Of glistening sunspots, pillared with blue shade,  
Most like a lichen-bearded pine was laid  
One Merlin the enchanter, when the cold  
Ninive had cast about him dreams untold,  
Sleeping beneath a quicken bough, grown old;  
And passing weary of the devil's son,  
Hid him beneath a stone and wandered on  
Light-hearted. But a better past was his  
Than his false friend's. His fortune was to miss  
The unenvied residue of life, which is  
To warp like autumn-fevered leaves, to strive  
Like bees, until at summer's end their hive  
Is drugged, and all their cells empty and mute.  
But hidden in the green earth like a root  
Time has forgotten him, or hardly sees  
Among the slender brakes of shining trees.  
Time has forgotten him.

He is made one  
With earth; no human breath can cloud his sun,  
The circle of whose light his monst'rance is;  
The arched wood is his chapel. With all this  
He is content, as having for his use  
For holy water, the cold sprinkled dews,  
For oils, the purging rains, for choristers,  
The sea-like murmur of the muttering firs,  
Or greener boughs at music; for his bed  
The colored pride of the green earth, o'erspread  
With drift from scaly fir-woods; for his pall,  
The ash's silvery keys, the chestnut-ball:  
For sacred pomp, the ritual of the year,  
For candleshine, the merry light and clear,  
For roof, the heaven's unfolded interval.

M. JOURDAIN.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "India and Tibet." By Sir Francis Younghusband. (Murray. 21s. net.)  
 "The Conflict of Colour." By B. L. Putnam Weale. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)  
 "Sea Law and Sea Power." By T. G. Bowles. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." By H. S. Chamberlain. (Lane Two Vols., 25s. net.)  
 "Unfrequented France." By Miss Betham-Edwards. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Feminine Influence on the Poets." By Edward Thomas. (Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Hope." By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth. 6s.)  
 "Souvenirs d'un vieil Athénien." Par Emile Gebhardt. (Paris: Bloud. 3fr. 50.)  
 "Les Périls de la Démocratie Française." Par E. Villey. (Paris: Plon-Nourit. 3fr. 50.)

"CONVERSATIONAL LITERATURE," as Henley happily termed the essay, is a department of letters which nowadays can hardly be said to flourish. We have, it is true, a small band of genuine essayists who, by intensive cultivation of their style, manage to raise an exiguous crop, and we have a few brilliant journalists who republish their articles and call them essays, but, upon the whole, the art of the essayist is out of favor. The "general reader" will not read essays, at any rate when they are offered to him in quantity and bound up in a volume; publishers are chary of issuing them, and when they do, they expect more credit than profit; while the young writer is soon taught that it will be more to his advantage to produce even a trashy novel than a volume of essays of respectable merit. There are signs, however, that the evil case of the essay is drawing to an end, and a few months ago the "Edinburgh Review" predicted that "since these compositions, in so far as they contain solid substance, present it in a compressed form, tabloid-wise, an age of hurry will probably continue to demand them." The torrent of books which has poured forth during the present season includes several volumes of essays that deserve notice, and to welcome a few of these into the world of books is the purpose of these paragraphs.

FIRST of all there is Mr. Austin Dobson's "Old Kensington Palace and Other Papers," which comes from Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Ever since the first series of his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes" made its appearance nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Dobson has been recognised as one of our most exact and graceful writers upon everything relating to the age of prose and periwigs, of coffee-houses and sedan-chairs. The present volume is a collection of magazine articles, and has no claim to unity except for the fact that Mr. Dobson seldom strays far from the period of his predilection. The essay which gives its title to the book is an account of the building which Dutch William bought and made a royal residence because of his dislike for the smoky atmosphere of Whitehall. In its mixture of exact information, happy quotation, and easy and engaging style, the essay is true "conversational literature," and typical of the Dobsonian manner. So, too, are those on "Lyttelton as Man of Letters," "Sir John Hawkins, Knight," "Madame Vigée-Lebrun," and "Laureate Whitehead."

MR. G. S. STREET is an essayist whose line of descent from Addison and Steele is easier to trace than Mr. Dobson's. His collection of papers, "People and Questions," which is published by Mr. Secker, avoids literary and historical topics, and is mainly a record of the writer's reflections upon the society and manners of his own time. Like Addison and his school, Mr. Street is a preacher, or, at least, a moralist. We fancy that he would not accept this description, and we will try to compromise with him by saying that he tells us what he likes and what he dislikes about contemporary life in such a way as to induce us to share his feeling. But is not this the aim, and ought it not to be the method, of the moralist and the preacher? Mr. Street's point of view is that of one who has lived for some years in the "sad land of middle age," and from that coign of disadvantage he surveys the social types that present themselves.

MIDDLE AGE has not, indeed, robbed Mr. Street of all his idealisms. He has still a qualified admiration for enthusiasts, and he is convinced that "no one with a sense of humor" would use the term "level-headedness" in praise. "As one hears it, one thinks of a low forehead, a flat surface above it, and straight, staring eyes—eyes, in fact, which must be always level, which may never look down for memory or upwards for inspiration. It does not suggest a noble nature or even a wise one. And as one thinks of the level-headed collectively, one remembers that they, of all people, with all their prejudice and caution, are the prey of the charlatan and the swindler, their sentimentality exploited in the theatre and the book-shop, their greed in the City." As becomes the middle-aged, Mr. Street looks back to the past with a sigh of regret. "The Early Victorians and Ourselves" is a comparison not altogether to the advantage of the present generation. But in the comparison, Mr. Street never loses sight of two qualities which are lacking in most contemporary essayists—the note of urbanity and the note of dignity. The present volume gives proof that he has been nourished in the best traditions of the English essay. It is personal without being pretentious, familiar without being effusive, sincere and candid without being hard and dogmatic, and, as we have said, it is persuasive.

OUR next two writers take us some distance from the note of urbanity. Mr. Street takes his airing in a landau. Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc come roistering along, arm in arm, and clad in similar garb, from the house of Methuen. Both are ready to jostle any passengers who refuse to give them the wall, and both are obviously "out for the Church," though whether it be for the same or for different Churches is not so easy to determine. Mr. Chesterton's weapon is paradox; he uses it as a bludgeon, and though, by all the rules of the game, the heads of those who encounter his blows ought to be broken, the effect not infrequently is merely one of gentle massage. Mr. Belloc employs the stiletto of satire—a neater and more deadly weapon. It has the disadvantage of compelling him to come to closer quarters with his adversary, and in the effort it sometimes bends in Mr. Belloc's hands.

MR. CHESTERTON'S book is called "Alarms and Discursions," and consists of articles reprinted from the "Daily News." It would puzzle most people to decide which are the alarms and which are the discursions, though we feel sure that Mr. Chesterton would assign each essay to either category without a moment's hesitation. Most of them are newspaper articles, topical in the sense that they were suggested by some passing event or utterance, and uncommonly good of their kind. "Dukes," for example, is an amusing description of the bewilderment of a French nobleman who came to this country to join in the chivalrous campaign which our aristocracy were waging against the confiscatory revolution planned by Mr. Lloyd George. Another article deserving of notice is "The Field of Blood." It celebrates the thrashing which General Haynau received in London at the hands of the draymen of Messrs. Barclay's brewery, and the refusal of an Hungarian Communal Council to make any use of an estate which he had bequeathed to them. The whole volume is marked by Mr. Chesterton's robust faith in democracy, his dislike of the expert, and his determination to class nearly all who differ from him as "prigs," whatever be the cause of the disagreement.

MR. BELLOC'S "On Something" shows more feeling for style than is found in Mr. Chesterton's volume. It contains a few of those sketches of places in which Mr. Belloc excels, but the finest thing in the book is "The Portrait of a Child," a delightful piece of fancy, tenderness, and imagination. There are also some good pieces of social satire, such as "The Odd People," but the book is very unequal. "A Plea for the Simpler Drama," for instance, is a dull parody, and if it deserves reprinting at all, is certainly out of place as the first essay in the volume. One of the essays, "The Monkey Question," is almost beneath the level of criticism. It seems intended to ridicule the suffrage agitation, and, quite apart from the merits of the question, we can only say that within recent years we have seen nothing in worse taste.

## Reviews.

## LADY JOHN RUSSELL.\*

THIS book has a double interest. It is an important addition to historical knowledge about Lord John Russell's opinions and actions from 1840 onwards; and it is the true mirror of a woman's soul, where nothing is seen but what is rare and worthy of imitation. The book has real value from either point of view, and the connection of the historical with the intimately personal, in the letters and journals of Lady John from day to day over a space of more than half a century, is a liberal education to the reader, in more senses than one.

The book is too long for perfection as a work of art; but it is in the nature of a volume chiefly consisting of journals and letters that "skipping" destroys the effect of such a work less than it destroys the effect of a work of continuous narrative. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's part has been kept within strict limits. He gives merely the necessary setting of explanation and comment for the letters and journals. But his work is well done; he tells us all that is required, often with considerable political and psychological acuteness. With wider opportunity, which he has in this case rightly and necessarily denied to himself, Mr. MacCarthy would show more clearly what is evident even here, that he has many of the various qualities necessary for a good biographer.

How much the book owes to Lady Agatha Russell in the course of its composition, I do not know. But it owes its existence to her desire to publish a memoir of her mother, and I, for one, feel grateful to her for letting us younger people have a picture of that lady, whose qualities may now be known, as far as paper and printer's ink can reproduce them, to a third generation of Liberals, to inspire them with faith, and to instruct them how to adhere to the principles of justice and liberty with equal firmness and with equal sobriety in good and in evil times; and how to grow with the growth of the world, applying ever afresh to the new circumstances of the hour the fundamental principles of justice, freedom and democracy. The story tells how this high-born Whig lady, an Elliot of the Elliots of Minto, first imbibed the principles of Liberalism as a girl in the glorious days of the struggle for the first Reform Bill; and how that good seed fell on a soil so naturally rich that it never withered away, but grew with the changing generations; how, after being Lord John Russell's guide and counsellor for the last thirty-seven years of his life, she in her long and honored widowhood espoused the cause of Irish Home Rule. She died in 1898, in the dark days, not deceiving herself with false pretences that all was well, knowing that the principles which she had believed in all her life and had so often seen triumphant were suffering a terrible eclipse, but hoping and trusting that they would revive after she was laid in the grave. We may wish that she were alive now to see that the "good old cause," fashioned afresh to suit the needs of the new world, had again lifted its head—though I do not think that either she or Lord John would understand why our foreign policy under a Liberal Government had ceased to have any relation to Liberal principles. But throughout this volume of her letters and journals there is never a word that is not dignified and gentle; there are no sounds of shrieking, or wailing, or railing, such as too often come from those who adhere to a good cause when the world is against them.

Nor is the dignity and gentleness of her expression a mere habit, nor entirely an outcome of her aristocratic upbringing in days when ladies were expected to be very "proper" in their feelings and expressions. Dignity and love were the essential nature of her soul, and in her mind the cult of freedom went with faith and patience, not with anarchy and pessimism.

This lady is of the future, not of the past. It is true that the rock from which she was hewn was the society of the great Whig families, who are now fast dying out into Toryism. But her type is a future type, not a past type. It is for this reason that I do not accept without qualification the fine words spoken about her by Mr. Frederic Harrison at the Memorial Service in the Free Church at Richmond, Surrey:—

\* "Lady John Russell: A Memoir." Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Italians call a man of heroic nature—a Garibaldi or a Manin—*uomo antico*—'one of the ancient type'—one whom we rarely see in our modern days of getting on in the world and following the popular cry. I have never heard the phrase applied to a lady, and, perhaps, *donna antica* might be held to bear a double sense. But we need some such phrase to describe the fine quality of the spirit which lit up the whole nature of Frances, Countess Russell ('Lady John'). She had within her that rare flame which we attribute to the martyrs of our sacred and secular histories—that power of inspiring those whom she impressed with the resolve to do the right, to seek the truth, to defend the oppressed, at all cost, and against all odds."

This is fine and true, but, all the same, she was a very modern woman.

As a contribution to history the book contains much valuable matter, and may be regarded as a supplement to Spencer Walpole's Life of Lord John. The two books must be read together by anyone studying his career after the year 1840. Mr. MacCarthy's statement of the case for his resignation during the Crimean War (pp. 142-3) should be very carefully considered. There has recently, perhaps always, been a tendency to be unfair to Lord John. Loved and most lovable in private life, he was almost as repellent as William III. in the personal side of public life. This fault has been revenged upon him in a tradition which has ended in rendering the public partially blind to his great merits and public services. Judging from one particular part of history, his action as Foreign Minister during the crisis of the Making of Italy in 1859-1860, I fully agree with Mr. MacCarthy's words (p. 189):—

"If after Villafranca (1859) the negotiations which secured the safety of Italy were the work of three men—Palmerston, Lord John, and Gladstone—contending against an indifferent and timid Cabinet and the opposition at the Court—it is clear that, when the success or failure of Italian Unity were a second time at stake (1860), the decision and initiative were Lord John's."

The Lacaita story, correctly told on p. 187, bears this out, even more fully, perhaps, than Mr. MacCarthy knows. I have hardly any doubt that Palmerston, if left to himself, would have joined Napoleon in stopping Garibaldi at the Straits of Messina. It was Russell whom Hudson converted first to Italian Unity by his private letters in the summer of 1860. Hudson himself had only been converted to the new policy by Garibaldi's taking of Palermo. Palmerston followed more slowly and less enthusiastically in the wake of Hudson and Russell.

Italian gratitude to Russell was not, therefore, misplaced. A charming and amusing instance of that gratitude is given on p. 189:—

"After his retirement, when he was travelling with his family in 1869, they took a villa at San Remo. The ceiling at the *salon* was decorated with those homely frescoes so common in Italy, which in this case consisted of four portraits—Garibaldi, Cavour, Mazzini, and—to their surprise—Lord John himself."

Nor had the ceiling been specially prepared for them: it was a mere chance that they took the villa.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book, certainly the one most likely to arrest attention, is the full report by Lord John Russell of his famous interview with Napoleon at Elba in December, 1814. Here is a section of the conversation between the Corsican, who began the Italian *risorgimento*, and a young Englishman who was destined, 46 years later, to contribute largely to its final triumph.

"Napoleon said the Austrians, he heard, were already much disliked in Italy, and even at Florence."

"John Russell: 'It is very odd, the Austrian Government is hated wherever it has been established.'"

"Napoleon: 'It is because they do everything with the baton. The Italians all hate to be given over to them.'"

"J. R.: 'But the Italians will never do anything for themselves. They are not united.'"

"Nap.: 'True.'"

"Besides this he talked about the robbers between Rome and Florence, and when I said they had increased, he said: 'Oh! to be sure; I always had them taken by the *gendarmes*.'"

"J. R.: 'It is very odd that in England, where we execute so many, we do not prevent crimes.'"

"Nap.: 'It is because you have not a *gendarmes*.'"

"He spoke of the Regent's conduct to the Princess as very impolitic, as it shocked the *bienséances*, by which his father (George III.) had become so popular."

"He said: 'You English ought to be very well satisfied with the end of the war.'"

"J. R.: 'Yes, but we were nearly ruined in the course of it.'"

"Nap.: 'Ha! *le système continental*, ha!' And then he laughed very much."

G. M. TREVELYAN.



## SYMBOLS AND ROMANCE.\*

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD'S small book of "Ballads," published some seven years ago, is not likely to be forgotten in any enumeration of this century's genuine poetry. It dealt, for the most part, with a familiar symbol—the Spanish Main; but the symbol was put to fresh and exquisite use, made new with real pathos, some pretty humor, and, above all, with repeated touches of that magical quality which, for want of a better name, we call romance. Many have thought it easy enough to be romantic about the Spanish Main; and so it may be, as far as mere feeling is concerned. But when it comes to literature, to trapping this inexplicable feeling into a net of words, it is, as a matter of fact, much easier to be romantic about a back street than about the Spanish Main. The very obviousness of the latter's romantic possibility makes it hugely difficult to deal with in any style that is likely to be lasting; here, as elsewhere, we find that for a dozen who can deal adequately in art with subtle, half-hidden matters, there will be one, and perhaps hardly one, capable of poetising the plain, straightforward matters which everybody feels and knows about. The Spanish Main has been in our thoughts a symbol of romance for a good many years now; yet it is difficult to know where in our own literature to look for a poem comparable, as far as its special achievement goes, with Mr. Masefield's "Spanish Waters." "Treasure Island" is the only thing to put beside it, and Mr. Masefield's ten stanzas contain more of the romantic quintessence than all the chapters of Stevenson's masterpiece.

Seven years, as things are, or are supposed to be, with poetry nowadays, are, perhaps, not too long to wait for the re-issue of a book of fine poems; but it was certainly high time we had some new poetry from Mr. Masefield. The present volume, "Ballads and Poems," contains practically the whole of the original book of "Ballads," with more than this number of new poems added. There is no question of disappointment in the later poems; the same fine craftsmanship, the same clear poetic thought, are in these as in the others. Yet there can hardly be any question either that the older poems are the best, on the whole. There is a very perceptible change of temper in the new. Mr. Masefield, in a word, has come out of his symbol, and the emancipation, though no doubt necessary to his development, has left neither the manner nor the stuff of his poems quite so assuredly his own. The vigorous joy in life of the earlier poems is here apt to be overcast by the perception of mutability and the inveterate decay in earthly things. We have no right and no reason to complain of that; but the contrast between the rapture of love and the imminence of death is, in these later poems, especially in the sonnets, rather too obviously managed. And the style is inclined to verge too close to the Elizabethan, to run too much to this kind of manner:—

"Since I have learned Love's shining alphabet,  
And spelled in ink what's writ in me in flame."

But there is at least one poem among the new which promises even better things from Mr. Masefield than he has yet given us—a poem of beautiful, delicate workmanship, and an almost Swedenborg-like subtlety of fantasy, which tells how

" . . . when Troy had greatly passed  
In one red roaring fiery coal,  
The courts the Grecians overcast  
Became a city in the soul.

"And hushed they were, no noise of words  
In those bright cities ever rang;  
Only their thoughts, like golden birds,  
About their chambers thrilled and sang."

And there are a few more, in the additions, of those voyaging songs Mr. Masefield does so excellently, in which

\* "Ballads and Poems." By John Masefield. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Demon." By Lermontoff, translated by Ellen Richter. Nutt. 1s. net.

"Akra the Slave." By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

"The Bell Branch." By James H. Cousins. Maunsell. 1s. net.

"The Chained Titan." By W. G. Hole. Bell. 4s. 6d. net.

we feel, rather than know, that the desire for the sea is but a small shadow thrown by a larger, brighter desire:—

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's  
shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking."

The beautiful tune of the last two lines is typical of Mr. Masefield's metrical ability at its best. There are still theorists in whom the eighteenth century is strong enough to blind them to the fact that in English rhythms the foot is no more (though no less) than the bar is in music, and that consequently a foot may easily and justly contain but a single syllable. But let us hope there are no critics left who would condemn as "harsh" or "rugged" the delightful use of a monosyllabic foot in this couplet:—

"Hushed he is with the holy spell  
In the gentle hymn the wind sang."

Or in this:—

"The mournful word the seas say,  
When tides are wandering out or in."

We miss, however, in the new poems such successful metrical experiments as gave us, among the old, "Port of Holy Peter" and "Cargoes." We must quote a verse of the latter, one of the most exquisite inventions that English verse has seen of recent years:—

"Quinquere of Nineveh from distant Ophir,  
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,  
With a cargo of ivory,  
And apes and peacocks,  
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine."

Mr. Masefield has not allowed his early poems to slip past him all unaltered. He has even omitted two of the "Spanish Main" poems—"Blind Man's Vigil" and "News from Whydah." To be sure, they are not among the best of the ballads, but we had come to look on them as forming, along with "Spanish Waters," "Cargoes," "Captain Stratton," "St. Mary's Bells," and "Port of Holy Peter," a whole series of poems unique, in their special way, in English literature; and we are sorry to see the series deprived of two of its members. Some of the alterations are decided improvements, while others are by no means for the better. There is, no doubt, a difficulty, though it is not often confessed to, in distinguishing between goodness and mere familiarity, but we are bold to say that the "Spanish Waters" of 1903 is a better poem than the "Spanish Waters" of 1910.

It is curious to compare the romance of Mr. Masefield's best songs with the romance of Lermontoff's famous narrative poem, "The Demon," which Miss Ellen Richter translates. The romantic poetry of our own day is the lineal descendant of that Byronism we are all so ready to disown; but it must be admitted that we have come on a little since Lermontoff's days, in the way of dealing with romance. Lermontoff was probably the best of the Continental Byronists, for his tormented pessimism was no fashionable posture, but a thing entirely genuine, and from his heart. The romantic spirit of to-day, so excellently typified in Mr. Masefield's ballads, is really the same spirit as that of those Byronic days. The difference, the vast difference, lies in the embodying symbolism. What a pother those early romantics made about their romance; how distressingly elaborate their symbolic machinery of evil spirits and unforgivable crime and passionate Orientals! In truth, even such a sincere use of this symbolism as Lermontoff's is a trifle wearisome at this time of day; and if we want that sort of thing, we have Byron himself, so hugely superior to all his imitators, even to Lermontoff, so admirable, in the midst of his absurdity, for the vehemence of his spirit. Still, translations from Russian poetry are not so common that we can afford to slight so meritorious an effort as Miss Richter's. We have only her metre to object to. At first she simply seems to be unusually daring in infecting the common four-foot rhythm, and some of her variations are pleasing. But, after a couple of pages, it is hard not to conclude that the latter are accidents; we are forced to regard her as one not entirely at home among English accents. To compel unaccented syllables into rhyme was once a common practice; but it was soon abandoned, except as a very occasional ornament. There is, however, nothing ornamental

in such unskilful use of the device as this, which is only a solitary specimen of numerous similar clumsinesses:—

"And all, that he saw before him spread,  
He despised with the utmost hatred."

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Akra the Slave" is not at all the sort of poem we have come to expect from him. Here is no attempt to transfigure ordinary workaday life by poetry, but romance as frank and downright as can be supposed. We cannot limit a poet to one manner; and, if Mr. Gibson chooses to escape for a time from his "naturalism" into some gorgeous imagination of Eastern savagery and the pomp of antique Babylon, who shall deny him? But Mr. Gibson's peculiar style, his simple diction and somewhat vague metre, are hardly suited to the full-blooded romance of the theme he has devised. Some of the descriptions are vigorous enough, but his use of words and the meaning of words is too reasonable, not suggestive and imaginative enough, for the conveying of this tragic dream. The thing should be splendid with color, but it is only drawn in outline. Yet the poem, which seems to be early work, is interesting, if only as an instance of the change in romantic methods. Here is a poem the plan of which, in setting, both as to time and place, in the temper of the amatory business, and in the tragic conclusion, is as romantic as anything Byron or Lermontoff could have invented. And yet this romance is conveyed and symbolised, not by pessimism and revolt against life, but by the passionate delight in living, the "amor fati" which, let us hope, is truly symptomatic of our time; those writers, at any rate, who are most worth hearing to-day are full of it.

We pass from romance and the symbols of romance to a very different world in Mr. James's Cousins's "The Bell-Branch." Mr. Cousins is one of the younger poets of the movement which has made Ireland perhaps the most perceptible rationality in contemporary literature. And it need hardly be said that all his poems are, either overtly or covertly, statements of one grand symbol, which is Ireland herself. Mr. Cousins is not so narrow in his use of this symbol as some of his fellows are. Politically, for instance, Ireland stands in his eyes not only for her own aspirations towards freedom and the complete possession of herself, but also for the whole human struggle for liberty, for any national or personal attempt at emancipation. At the same time, when it comes to Ireland as an emotional or spiritual symbol, Mr. Cousins shows us something very much less personally colored than the Ireland of Mr. Colum or Mr. Stephens or Mr. MacCathmhaoil. And, in consequence, while we have in Mr. Cousins's poems the Ireland of the Irish poets almost at its purest, his songs, in the main, are inferior in interest to those made by some of his younger fellows; for we are all by now fairly familiar with this Ireland, and what we look for are the intensely personal variations of the one common theme. It would be difficult to find lines in any of the Irish poets more typically containing the poets' Ireland than these, the burden of the poem which gives the title to Mr. Cousins's volume:—

"Time is old, and earth is gray—  
Come, ye weary ones, away,  
Where, with white untroubled brows  
The Immortals dream and drowse,  
And the streams of quiet flow."

They are charming lines, but they do not excite us, because what they say has already been said many times and in many, slightly differing, ways. Artistically, however, in the mere matter of diction, Mr. Cousins can only be put below the two leaders of his movement; he has the calm intensity, the subtle strangeness of simplicity, which seem to be as easy as breathing to an Irish poet. As an instance of his manner when it is most successful, the following may be quoted:—

"Far in the hills the lightnings gleam,  
And heavy clouds their burdens shed.  
Here, all is calm . . . yet, see the stream  
Rise roaring from its bed."

"And, 'sooth, the heart's tumultuous moods  
Perhaps as lofty birth may claim,  
Where in the Soul's high solitudes  
The Spirit speaks in flame."

Style, too, is the main thing to be commended in Mr. W. G. Hole's "The Chained Titan." It is a sort of philosophical epic, written in blank verse of a tolerable quality, interspersed with lyric measures not quite so successful,

dealing with the much-dealt-with figure of Prometheus. It is such poems as this that show us the great value, in these days, of a national poetry like the Irish, because in that poetry appears a symbol, not only new to literature, but immensely vitalising to the poetry which embodies it. Mr. Hole is a poet of some distinction, yet he has to fall back on a symbol, the myth of Prometheus, from which, in the way Mr. Hole uses it, all the significance has already been extracted. Shelley followed Æschylus, and said many noble and splendid things which Æschylus left unsaid; Mr. Hole follows Shelley, and adds nothing; his symbol is merely a pastiche of the Æschylean incongruity between Prometheus and the other gods, and the Shelleyan irony of a sacrifice which has not ended, but simply altered, man's misery. Mr. Hole's Prometheus, in fact, is not really a symbol at all; it is just a literary counter. Had he, however, gone for his inspiration to Goethe, he might have found something to justify his poem's existence; for Goethe's Prometheus is only a fragment, and it is a superb suggestion of how the Prometheus myth could be fashioned afresh, even in these latter times, by a poet of adequate genius, into a symbol of altered significance, more subjective than the Titan of Æschylus or even of Shelley. One cannot read "The Chained Titan" without regret, for it is evident that Mr. Hole, could he but find some vitalising symbol to support his poetry, would write memorably. As it is, his descriptive passages are very good, and marked by a finely imaginative observation:—

"Yet was the darkness no obscuring gloom  
But rather a dull glass through which were seen,  
Piled up about the valley, crag on crag."

Or again:—

"Here ceased the voice and left the listening night  
Gripped by oppressive hush save that at times  
A fitful wind awoke, or, loosed by frost,  
Sharp, running shingle on the nearer cliffs  
Leapt screaming into silence."

But we want something more than descriptions in a poem of the length and aim of Mr. Hole's "Chained Titan."

#### HISTORY AS A SCIENCE.\*

MAX NORDAU always contrives to be an extremist. His criticisms are not the less valuable, although we may not be willing to go quite as far as he does. The view he has adopted with regard to history and historians is not unlike that expressed in his "Degeneration," or in the Essay on "Art and Artists." Certainly it is true, as he says, that written history is a more or less arbitrary collection of facts, a selection made out of a vast number of events in "real" history, largely for artistic purposes. The old idea of the historian as a heaven-born seer who can discern the essential in the course of events is completely exploded. In fact, the essential varies according to the purpose of your history; and there is absolutely no reason why one generation should not be chiefly interested in economic facts, and the next in the romantic episodes of the past. History is more of an art than a science. It is more closely connected with novel-writing than with the collection of statistics. So far we may agree with Max Nordau. But why should he proceed to say that written history is therefore false to the facts? Surely he is making the foolish old division between exact scientific knowledge and poetic truth. There is just as much truth—not merely beauty—in poetry as there is in a scientific formula. It is, of course, truth in a different form, perhaps even of a different nature. But even a scientific diagram is a product, in part, of the imagination. It is, therefore, on the confines of art, and is true to fact just as the portrait may be true to nature, and yet may not be exactly a copy of the original. Perhaps, however, this is to quarrel without cause with Max Nordau. He is correcting the erroneous idea of history as a science.

His attack upon the philosophy of history is altogether admirable. It is only too clear that the various modern writers who affect to despise St. Augustine or Bossuet as theological, are suffering from the same complaint as these two when they treat history as though it proved the steady

\* "The Interpretation of History." By Max Nordau. Translated from the German by M. A. Hamilton. Rebman. 8s. net.

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"progress" of humanity to our present stage. The anthropomorphism is obvious. Of course, we are speaking of the history of peoples: in this respect "the demand that history must possess a meaning intelligible to man is nothing more or less than anthropomorphism." We have given up the idea—or some of us have—that everything in the world can be explained as designed for man. We no longer believe that the melon is externally divided into sections because Nature intended it for family eating. It is no longer possible to read a purpose into the formation of stars and geological strata, at least if one is concerned with a philosophy of the world as we see it. But the history of humanity itself is just as external to individual life as is the evolution of any part of nature. Those conceptions, such as "progress," which may be useful in reference to the changes of an individual's fortune, are quite out of place when used to refer to the history of the race. Humanity must not be regarded as a personal Being, any more than the world of Nature is. Of course, this does not involve a denial of development in civilisation within comparatively recent times. Progress in that limited sense may be proved; but Max Nordau leaves us with the idea that as much may be said on one side as on the other. The point is that we must get rid of the conception of Humanity as a big man, or we must recognise it as poetic metaphor. With this over-worked metaphor goes the modern mistake involved in such terms as "crowd mind," "crowd psychology." The very "advanced" language of recent date has led to hopeless confusion of thought. Really, one might imagine, as Max Nordau says, that it would be good for some of our advanced writers on these subjects to go back and learn from the medieval disputes on Universals that individuals alone are "real." For current language seems to indicate that a man in a crowd becomes possessed by a new and mysterious spiritual essence, a "crowd mind," when his lower nature shows itself in rioting. The individual does not disappear when certain unusual moods make him what we call a different person. History written under the influence of this "crowd psychology" is just as untrue to facts as was the older History of the Great Man, the Hero. There remains from such criticism as this a certain amount of scepticism as to the value of written history. The past is difficult to reconstruct, and because Themistocles or Caesar cannot now dispute our judgment of their actions, it does not follow that our judgment is correct. We know how any attempt to write the history of the present raises a storm of indignant protests from any living person we happen to mention. No historian is without some kind of personal interest: a subjective element is to be found even in the baldest record. All that we can do, therefore, is to arrive at certain general statements with regard to human society. Anecdotal history of names and dates is so much fairy-tale: sociology is the only scientific history. As one may study ants without recording the fate of this or that particular ant on this or that day, so we may study Humanity.

Again, of all the prejudices of historians, that seems to Max Nordau most pernicious which makes co-operation and love the primitive force of States. The records of the past seem to him to show only parasitism and greed. And all through the development of the race one vast question seems to be ever present—"Why?" Man has always asked why these things should be so, and the question has never been answered. Illusion after illusion, according to Max Nordau, has satisfied men for a time, and then been deserted. The various ideas of God and Immortality have been, it is said, so many attempts to answer why reality is what it seems to be, and all such attempts have proved vain. The record of the past seems, therefore, to be a sufficient ground for pessimism. No real cause is known, unless cause means only pre-condition. We can tell what occurs, but not why it occurs. Perhaps new answers will be invented to the question; attempts may be made to satisfy the desire for knowledge, or to cure the fear of death; but the man who knows the facts seems to be left only with an immense despair. Such progress as there has been is only a re-adaptation of man to his environment, by which men secure a foothold in the world, which in the Ice Age might have destroyed the race, but for the invention of tools. Man lives on, while his contemporaries of earlier time, the prehistoric animals, have been overwhelmed by the changed conditions

of the earth. All effort is merely this re-adaptation, all love is merely sexual impulse, with some graceful illusions added. Now, while Max Nordau is criticising, he is strong; but his reconstruction is not so persuasive. He is not, of course, alone, nor even with the minority, in his physical interpretation of human history. But he and those who agree with him seem to forget that one does not avoid the necessity of explaining a fact by merely calling it an illusion. If you are providing a philosophy of the world you cannot dismiss love, or the sense of Deity, or the desire for Immortality, as mere illusions; for illusions, too, are facts. Suppose we admit that there is no answer to the question as to the purpose of life. History, at any rate, has no concern with "Why?" but only with "What?" We may, as historians, describe what occurs, but human fate, like the material world, gives no hint as to the purpose of it all. And yet we do not end as historians. We are such beings as ask this question "Why?" We are such as follow what Max Nordau has called illusions. There is the blunt fact which makes us doubt Max Nordau's philosophy, even when we agree with his criticism.

#### SPINOZA.\*

THE work of the populariser, though sometimes depreciated by professional students, is a very useful and necessary work, and in few cases more useful or more necessary than in the case of Spinoza. For, although Spinoza is often so difficult that even the best philosophers cannot be sure of having understood him, the essence of his doctrine is capable of being interesting and profitable to many who cannot devote themselves to metaphysics. Although the task of interpretation has been admirably performed for the technical reader by Mr. Joachim, and for a wider class by Sir Frederick Pollock, there must be many who will be grateful for the chance of reading the "Ethics" itself, without having to work their way through Spinoza's Latin. The translation, though not wholly devoid of errors, seems in the main accurate and careful. It is, perhaps, a pity that the translators have chosen the manufactured word "affect" to translate *affectus*, rather than the word "emotion," which is used by Sir Frederick Pollock and Mr. Joachim. But their choice has, at least, the merit of avoiding misleading associations, and of making the reader aware that Spinoza's meaning cannot be accurately rendered by any existing word in its common signification. There is a useful preface, giving the main facts of Spinoza's life, together with some account of his other works, of his relations to other philosophers, and of his influence on subsequent writers. In this preface, Mr. Hale White rightly emphasises, what is sometimes lost sight of, that Spinoza's purpose, as his title indicates, was ethical, and that he only introduced metaphysics in so far as seemed essential for his ethical doctrine. There is also a careful comparison of the "Ethics" with the "Short Treatise on God, Man, and Man's Well-being," a sort of first draft of the "Ethics," which was not discovered and printed until 1862, and was not even known to have existed until an abstract of it was found in 1851 attached to a manuscript of the life of Spinoza by his friend Colerus.

The unassisted reader who opens the "Ethics" casually is likely to be completely misled as to Spinoza's purpose. In the first book he will find only pantheism; in the second he will find antiquated physiology, with a suggestion of materialism; in the third he will be tempted to regard Spinoza as a pedantic La Rochefoucauld, retaining the cynicism without the wit. It is only in the fourth and fifth books that Spinoza's purpose becomes obvious; but the casual reader is hardly likely to persevere until he reaches them.

Spinoza, more than any other modern philosopher, writes always with a strong sense of the importance of philosophy in the conduct of life, and with a firm belief in the power of

\* "Ethic Demonstrated in Geometrical Order and Divided into Five Parts, which treat (1) of God; (2) of the Nature and Origin of the Mind; (3) of the Nature and Origin of the Affects; (4) of Human Bondage, or of the Strength of the Affects; (5) of the Power of the Intellect, or of Human Liberty." Translated from the Latin of Benedict de Spinoza by W. Hale White. Translation revised by Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. (Edin.). Fourth edition, revised and corrected. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

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reason to improve men's conduct and purify their desires. Like many men of great independence of mind, he feels the need of something great enough to justify him in submitting to its authority. Like all who contemplate human life without sharing its baser passions, he is oppressed by the endless strife produced by conflicting aims and unrestrained ambitions. Believing, as he does, that self-preservation is the very essence of everything that exists, he sees no end to strife except by persuading men to choose as their ends things which all may enjoy in common. Contempt and moral condemnation stand in the way of toleration; he therefore sets out to prove that what men do they do from a necessity of their nature. As well might one condemn a triangle for not having made the effort to increase its angles beyond two right angles as condemn men for being what their nature makes them. His theory of the emotions, in which, by his geometrical method, he demonstrates that men *must* act in ways which it is common to condemn, contains much admirable psychology; but it was not this that made him value his theory: what he valued was the conclusion that moral condemnation is foolish. It is for this reason partly that Spinoza inveighs against free-will, and finds pleasure in showing the necessity of everything. But there is also another reason: what is transitory, though it may be tolerated, cannot be worshipped; but the proof of its necessity connects it with the Divine nature, and thereby removes its pitifulness. To a certain type of mind there is something sublime about necessity: it seems that in the knowledge of what is necessary we place ourselves in harmony with what is greatest in the universe. This constitutes, to those who feel it, a great part of the value of mathematical demonstration; even Spinoza's geometrical method, which has been almost universally condemned, will be held appropriate by those who know the "intellectual love of God."

"He who loves God," Spinoza says, "cannot strive that God should love him in return." Goethe, in a passage of characteristic sentimentality, misquotes this proposition in singling it out for special praise; he quotes it as, "Who loves God truly *must* not expect God to love him in return," and regards it as an example of "Entsagen sollst du, sollst entsagen." If Goethe had understood Spinoza's religion, he would not have made this mistake. Spinoza, here and elsewhere, is not inculcating resignation: he himself loved what he judged to be best, and lived, so far as one can discover, without effort in the way which he held to be conformable to reason. There seems to have been in him, what his philosophy was intended to produce in others, an absence of bad desires; hence, his nature is harmonious and gentle, free from the cruelty of asceticism, or the monkishness of the cloister, or the moralistic priggery of Goethe's praises. "He who clearly and distinctly understands himself and his emotions," Spinoza says, "loves God, and loves Him better the better he understands himself and his emotions." It is through the love of God that we are freed from bondage to the passions, and that our minds become in some degree eternal. "God loves Himself with an infinite, intellectual love," and "the intellectual love of the mind towards God is the very love with which He loves Himself." Hence, though immortality in the ordinary sense is an error, the mind is nevertheless eternal in so far as it consists in the intellectual love of God. To represent such a philosophy as one of renunciation is surely to miss the whole of the mystic joy which it is intended to produce, and to misunderstand the reconciliation of the individual with the whole, which is the purpose of so much elaborate argument.

Spinoza's ethical views are inextricably intertwined with his metaphysics, and it may be doubted whether his metaphysics is as good as is supposed by followers of Hegel. But the general attitude towards life and the world which he inculcates does not depend for its validity upon a system of metaphysics. He believes that all human ills are to be cured by knowledge and understanding; that only ignorance of what is best makes men think their interests conflicting, since the highest good is knowledge, which can be shared by all. But knowledge, as he conceives it, is not mere knowledge as it comes to most people; it is "intellectual love," something colored by emotion through and through. This conception is the key to all his valuations.

"It is knowledge," he says, "which is the cause of love, so that when we learn to know God in this way, we must necessarily unite ourselves to Him, for He cannot be known,

nor can He reveal Himself save as that which is supremely glorious and good."

And owing to Spinoza's pantheism, love of God, for him, included love of humanity. The love of humanity is a background to all his thoughts, and prevents the coldness which his intellectualism might otherwise engender. It was through the union of the love of truth and the love of humanity, combined with an entire absence of self-seeking, that he achieved a nobility, both in life and in speculation, which has not been equalled by his predecessors or successors in the realm of philosophy.

B. RUSSELL.

#### A POLICEMAN.\*

"From Constable to Commissioner" strikes us as a capital title, but the reader is not to suppose that Sir Henry Smith could ever really have been "told by his boots," or that he had a common "beat," and conducted ladies through the traffic, and was asked the time by little boys. Nothing of the sort. Once, indeed, the question was addressed to him, on coming out of Newgate, whether he considered hanging to be a painless manner of demise; but the simple inquirer was seeking copy for an evening paper, and may have anticipated the rebuff that was administered.

No; Sir Henry was never quite the kind of policeman who meets the eye upon the highways of the town, and is erroneously thought to warn burglars in the dark by an official style of boot that he does not wear. Superintendent, to be sure, he once was of that comely and thrice-efficient body, the City of London Police; and from Superintendent he was in six years transformed into Commissioner. This is quick rising, but there is no reflection on the principle upon which these high offices are bestowed in the Police of the City. Sir Henry was a middle-aged citizen when he took service in this force, and had had experience as far north as Scotland, notably with a Chief Constable, who, when he had learned that there were no letters by the first post, deviated to the club and sat among whiskies till the coming of the second. It has not been questioned, among those to whom the matter was professionally interesting, that the choice of Sir Henry Smith to succeed Sir James Fraser in one of the two great police commands in London was a proper one, eminently justified by results.

There may be readers unaware that we have two great police commands in London. The constable who temporarily and temperately holds up the traffic in front of the Mansion House has no connection with the constable who obliges us in the same way at Piccadilly Circus. There are two constabulary Cæsars in the Metropolis; though, thanks be to the providence that shepherds us in streets, they commonly think as one.

"The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police," says Sir Henry, "is directly responsible to the Home Secretary for the due discharge of his duties. The force is, in fact, commanded from the Home Office, not from Scotland Yard."

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Between them, the Commissioner and the City Commissioner, harmoniously contriving, rock London to sleep. But a city's sleep, under the best of police, will fail on dread occasions; and it chanced to Sir Henry to be in authority at a season of curious popular alarm. Every high policeman sees, and is in more or less immediate contact with, crime that the commonalty is privileged to relish only at second-hand. But not even to every high policeman does it fall to touch those great exploits in crime that are presently woven into criminal history. Sir Henry had the luck. He was once upon the heels of Jack the Ripper.

This uncanny monster, who in eighteen months (Christmas, 1887—July, 1889) dispatched eight poor Whitechapel women of the "unfortunate" class, spread an epidemic fright through London. The mystery that lies hidden "under

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Egypt's pyramid" is scarcely deeper than the mystery of Jack the Ripper. With a whole city in pursuit of him, he passed like a wraith through the cordons that were drawn around his narrow field of action. In the newspapers and the gossip of the clubs and streets he was a new creature every day. Thus, he was dubbed by turns a gorilla, a Russian immigrant, an epileptic maniac, a cattle-butcher, a woman disguised as a slaughterman, a surgeon, a religious monomaniac, an Irish medical student. There were many arrests, for London in the course of time grew frantic, but it is thought that the real Ripper was never in the hands of the police. The amateur detective gave himself and others an infinite deal of trouble, and it is on record that

"a director of the Bank of England . . . was so obsessed by a special theory of his own that he disguised himself as an ordinary day laborer and started exploring the common lodging-houses in the East-End, clad in heavy boots, a fustian jacket, with a red handkerchief around his head and a pick-axe in his hand."

That is the kind of detective the Ripper would have liked to take a glass of beer with, complimenting him on the quality of his pickaxe. Over and over again the police were entreated to "realise their own incompetency"; and one gentleman, admitting that his "clue" was treated with "a certain amount of levity," proclaimed the force in general to be "a blot on our Constitution." Sir Henry at one period put a third of his men into plain clothes,

"with instructions to do everything which, under ordinary circumstances, a constable should not do. It was subversive of discipline, but I had them well supervised by senior officers. The weather was lovely, and I have little doubt they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, sitting on door-steps, smoking their pipes, hanging about public-houses, and gossiping with all and sundry. In addition to this, I visited every butcher's shop in the city, and every nook and corner which might by any possibility be the murderer's place of concealment. . . . The murderer very soon showed his contempt for my elaborate arrangements."

He showed the same contempt for every device invented to outwit him by the united civil powers of London. Sir Henry was one night within a very few minutes of this elusive genius, and saw the blood-stained water in which he had washed his hands "at a sink up a close, not more than six yards from the street. I wandered round my station-houses, hoping I might find someone brought in, and finally got to bed at 6 a.m., after a very harassing night, completely defeated."

It was the fate of every limb of the executive to be "completely defeated" by Jack the Ripper, whose crimes and identity will form an interesting double problem for Lord Macaulay's New Zealander.

So far as the police were concerned, Sir Henry was the presiding genius of the second Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and at a meeting of the Cathedral committee he made a joke that Bishop Temple laughed at. Her Majesty created him a knight, and, could she have lived to read these racy memoirs, would probably have created him a baronet.

#### VILLADOM.\*

THE habit of orthodox criticism is to be stiff or condescending to a new author when he first appears with an original book, and to increase the measure of praise according to his repeated successes. Mr. E. M. Forster has now given us four novels, and his last, "Howard's End," will probably receive compound interest on whatever sum of approval was bestowed on "The Longest Journey." It is as well. "Howard's End," by its far-sighted criticism of middle-class ideas, is a book that says most effectively those very things that the intelligent minority feel, but rarely arrive at formulating.

The story is built out of the intercourse of the sisters, Margaret and Helen Schlegel, with the Wilcoxes, a typically prosperous British family. Helen and Margaret are neither "English to the backbone" nor "Germans of the dreadful sort." They are children of an idealistic German father, who, after a life of variegated interests, had settled down in England and married a rich Englishwoman. The girls, who think for themselves, and are "emancipated" in their ideas, naturally live the surface life of "culture," Continental travel, visiting friends, attending concerts, picture

galleries, &c., which in general suffices to keep the woman of independent means from showing too consciously that she wants something better. The Schlegels have made the acquaintance of the Wilcoxes in a Continental hotel, and Helen is on a visit to Howard's End, Mrs. Wilcox's modest, old-fashioned house in Hert's, when Paul, the youngest son, kisses her on the lawn by starlight, and an absurd squabble between Helen's aunt, Mrs. Munt, and Charles Wilcox, leads to the two families breaking off relations. Helen, at the outset, had been under the spell of the Wilcoxes. "She had liked giving in to Mr. Wilcox, or Evie, or Charles; she had liked being told that her notions of life were sheltered or academic, that Equality was nonsense, Votes for Women nonsense, Socialism nonsense, Art and Literature, except when conducive to strengthening the character, nonsense. One by one the Schlegel fetiches had been overthrown, and, though professing to defend them, she had rejoiced." But when, the morning after the love passage, Paul comes down to breakfast looking frightened lest she should give him away, Helen "feels for a moment that the whole Wilcox family is a fraud, just a wall of newspapers, and motor-cars, and golf-clubs, and that if it fell she should find nothing behind it but panic and emptiness." Margaret defends the Wilcoxes. They represent to her "the great outer life, which, though obviously horrid, often seems the real one." But Helen knows that the Wilcoxes, once bereft of this "outer life," have nothing to fall back on. They "dodge emotion." They hold it of little importance, or if they recognise it they are afraid of it. On the other hand, it is true that the Wilcoxes have their hands on all the ropes. Their "outer life" fosters such virtues as neatness, decision and obedience—virtues of the second rank, no doubt, but they have formed our civilisation. They form character, too; they keep the soul from becoming "sloppy." It seems destined that no further occasion will be given the two families of criticising one another, but fate has it otherwise. The Wilcoxes take one of the expensive new flats that shut out the light from the Schlegels' old house in Wickham Place, and soon Margaret finds herself on intimate terms with the sweet and retiring mother, Mrs. Wilcox, who, from the point of view of her over-energetic family, is as much behind the times as is the honest, unpretentious old house, Howard's End.

The artistic setting of the novel certainly owes much to the spiritual background, which is symbolised by the old-world atmosphere of Howard's End. We require something by which we can measure Mr. Wilcox, busy with his company promoting and his new fortune, made out of oil and rubber, his sound Imperialism, his motoring, his shooting, and his energy in local politics. Mrs. Wilcox and Howard's End both have spiritual grace, and the old house reflects the unobtrusive charm and settled standards which the pushing husband, the self-assertive son, Charles, and the athletic daughter, Evie, despise. But Mrs. Wilcox, who understands her family, is stricken suddenly and dies in a nursing home, leaving a scribbled message for her husband, "I should like Miss Schlegel (Margaret) to have Howard's End." This dying request, after being carefully debated by the Wilcoxes, is dismissed as "unbusinesslike" and "unlike mother," the whim of an invalid, in fact, and the family, being destitute of imagination, are incapable of realising that Howard's End, which to them is merely a saleable property of bricks and mortar and a large garden, was a spiritual sanctuary to the dead woman. Several years pass, and when the Schlegels and the Wilcoxes come together again, Mr. Wilcox has grown tired of being left to his own devices by his married children, and Margaret feels solitary and old-maidish. She is thrilled by the idea of this elderly man turning to her for companionship, and when he offers her his hand and heart, she accepts gladly, despite Helen's bitter opposition.

In the working out of the fortunes of the two families, now united by marriage, Mr. Forster shows to great advantage his rare gift of philosophic criticism. His characters are real enough, but their importance as individuals is less than their significance as contemporary signposts. It is the ideas behind them, the code of manners and morals, and the web of forces, material and mental, that are woven before our eyes in the life of London, that Mr. Forster is deeply concerned with, and from the standpoint of the interested looker-on we can only admire the dexterity with which the disaster

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that overtakes the Wilcoxes is bound up with the fate of the insignificant clerk, Leonard Bast, and his disreputable wife, Jacky. Briefly, the Basts are befriended by the passionate Helen, and accidentally the disclosure is forced upon Margaret of an unsavory episode in Mr. Wilcox's past life. Margaret condones the past offence; but a little later, when Helen, who has taken refuge in Germany, discloses that the child she is going to bear will be illegitimate, Mr. Wilcox plays the part of the outraged moralist and the stern *père de famille*. Leonard Bast is, in fact, the father of Helen's child, and in a scuffle with him the bullying George commits what is technically manslaughter, and is sent to prison for three years. The shock of the tragedy of Leonard's death crumbles down Mr. Wilcox's philistine defences, and the novel ends with a retrospective chapter, in which a humbled Helen, a calm Margaret, and a broken-spirited Mr. Wilcox are shown living together peacefully in the tranquil atmosphere of the old house, Howard's End. We say that one must admire the ingenuity with which the fabric of the plot is woven out of the fortuitous yarn of the meetings and the accidental relations of the three sets of characters; but in closing the book, we perceive that Mr. Forster has sacrificed the inflexibility of artistic truth to the exigencies of his philosophical moral. There is too much ingenious dove-tailing of incidents, too much of accidental happenings, too much twisting and stretching and straining of human material for "Howard's End" to rank high as a work of art. The individuality of each figure is made obedient to the convenience of the author's purpose, and, though great pains are taken to make the whole story and all its parts probable, at critical junctures Helen's action or Mr. Wilcox's attitude are perceptibly strained to produce a dramatic situation. Not grossly strained, be it remarked, but perceptibly; but it is just this clever ingenuity that robs the work of artistic inevitability. It would, however, be doing both the author and our readers poor service to make much of a subsidiary defect in the author's accomplished method. The novel's original value, which is great, rests primarily on the acute analysis of the middle-class British code of ideas and standards, typified by the rise and progress of the Wilcoxes. Mr. Forster understands the outlook of Villadom perhaps better than the fourscore of writers who speak from the 'vantage ground of its bulwarks. He is no partisan, but renders justice in a manner that may well bring those he paints to sue for mercy. "Howard's End" is made up of such a multitude of fine, insidious strokes, that we select a typical passage characteristic of our author's method:—

Then he jammed the brake on, and the motor slowed down and stopped. . . .  
 "What's happened?" asked Mrs. Warrington.  
 Then the car behind them drew up, and the voice of Charles was heard saying, "Get out the women at once."  
 There was a concourse of males, and Margaret and her companions were hustled out and received into the second car. What had happened? As it started off again the door of a cottage opened, and a girl screamed wildly at them.  
 "What is it?" the ladies cried.  
 Charles drove them a hundred yards without speaking.  
 Then he said: "It's all right; your car just touched a dog."  
 "But stop!" cried Margaret, horrified.  
 "It didn't hurt him."  
 "Didn't really hurt him?" asked Myra.  
 "No."  
 "Do please stop!" said Margaret, leaning forward.  
 She was standing up in the car, the other occupants holding her knees to steady her. "I want to go back, please."  
 Charles took no notice.  
 "I want to go back, though, I say!" repeated Margaret, getting angry.  
 Charles took no notice. The motor, loaded with refugees, continued to travel very slowly down the hill. "The men are there," chorused the others. "Men will see to it."  
 "The men can't see to it. Oh, this is ridiculous! Charles, I ask you to stop."  
 "Stopping's no good," drawled Charles.  
 "Isn't it?" said Margaret, and jumped straight out of the car.  
 She fell on her knees, cut her gloves, shook her hat over her ear. Cries of alarm followed her. "You've hurt yourself!" exclaimed Charles, jumping after her.  
 "Of course, I've hurt myself," she retorted. . . .  
 Albert Fussell was seen walking towards them.  
 "It's all right," he called; "it wasn't a dog—it was a cat."  
 "There!" exclaimed Charles triumphantly. "It's only a rotten cat."  
 "Get room in your car for a little 'un? I cut as soon as I saw it wasn't a dog; the chauffeurs are tackling the girl."

But Margaret walked steadily forward. Why should the chauffeurs tackle the girl? Ladies sheltering behind men, men sheltering behind servants—the whole system's wrong, and she must challenge it.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S visit to India last winter would in any case have been short, and it was still further shortened by the necessity of returning home for the General Election. It is all the more remarkable how true an insight he has obtained into the present condition of India and the main problems now confronting the Indians and ourselves. "The Awakening of India" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is not a history, nor is it a personal account of the visit. There is a certain amount of description of places visited, it is true, but far the most valuable part of the book lies in the series of essays on such subjects as "The New India of Commerce," "The Land of the Poverty-Stricken," "Great Britain in India," "The Women of India" (by Mrs. MacDonald), and "What is to be the End?" These form a very significant addition to the few books which have lately appeared by men whose senses were not dulled by Anglo-Indian caste prejudice and official routine. As was to be expected, so prominent a member of the Labor Party has paid special attention to the industrial conditions of the country, and the growth of a large Indian proletariat, divorced from the land, and from the ancient village handicrafts. The appearance of the factory-hand is a new and dubious departure in Indian history, and it is still impossible to estimate its effect upon the whole of Indian life, agriculture, and commerce; to say nothing of its ultimate effect upon Lancashire, no matter how strictly we may try to hamper the Indian cotton mills by maintaining an excise on their products. Upon matters of this kind Mr. MacDonald speaks with exceptional authority, but his criticism of Anglo-Indian government, and his estimate of the forces behind the growing spirit of Nationalism show equal insight and sympathy, both on the political and religious sides of Indian life. To all who wish to understand the real questions involved in the present "unrest," the book will be an excellent and trustworthy guide. It is an antidote both to official panic and official optimism, and its only real fault lies in the manner of its publication: no index, no table of contents, no page headings, except the names of the chapters repeated, and nothing whatever to guide the reader who wishes to consult the author on some particular question.

BOTH in subject and treatment, Mr. Christopher Hare's "Charles de Bourbon, High Constable of France" (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), is a good historical biography. Charles de Bourbon, as Mr. Hare observes, is one of the most vivid figures of the Renaissance, and his downfall "one of the most striking tragedies in history." The second son of the Comte de Montpensier, he became head of the House of Bourbon through the deaths of his brother and of his uncle, and held a position which made Henry VIII. exclaim: "If that noble were a friend of mine, his head would not remain long upon his shoulders." He distinguished himself in the Italian wars of Louis XII. and Francis I., receiving from the latter sovereign the sword of Constable of France, when only twenty-six years old. For the first half of his career no man was more to be envied, but his wealth, power, and attractiveness brought about his undoing. Louise of Savoy, the Queen-Mother, fell in love with him, and on his wife's death offered him her hand. Bourbon replied that "not for all the riches of Christendom" would he marry "such a woman, the dread of all nations." Louise determined on revenge, and Francis I. abetting her, Bourbon was, by a legal quibble, deprived of his estates. He offered his services to Charles V., and enjoyed his revenge at the battle of Pavia. He was killed in 1527, outside the walls of Rome, whither he had led an army of Swiss adventurers and German Lutherans. Mr. Hare has no difficulty in demolishing the charge of disloyalty made against Charles de Bourbon, for it was not until Francis I. had left him nothing but life that he took service with the French King's great rival. The book is mainly based upon sixteenth century chronicles, and is well illustrated.

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THE philosophy and the craftsmanship of Vernon Lee, if not displayed at their very best in the three stories included in "Vanitas" (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), are, nevertheless, sufficient to render the second edition of this volume a welcome event in the present publishing season. Moreover, a fourth story has been added to the set—"A Frivolous Conversion," which did not appear in the original issue—and this will be found quite equal to the rest in charm and analytical power. Mainly, it is the study of two characters, a young man of false ideals and an elderly woman of true ones, the "conversion," of course, being that of the former; but the background of fashionable society in a smart Engadine hotel is itself masterly and fascinating in the way it is made to fit the chief protagonists. In all these stories the prevalent tone is grey, and they belong emphatically to the school of Mr. Henry James, whose cool analytical method hardly permits of a wide range of colors. But every variation that can be effected by a Southern temperament, an individual refinement, and an exquisite choice of phrase, is present here in marked degree.

To write critically upon such an *olla podrida* as Mr. Ralph Nevill's "Sporting Days and Sporting Ways" (Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net) is impossible. The closing years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth were, as Mr. Nevill remarks, the golden age of the man of pleasure, and most of the contents of the volume refer to that period. Practically every department of sport is covered. Eccentric wagers are recorded, eccentric personages presented, and the annals of the chase, the kennel, the gun-room, and the field, have been ransacked for anecdotes, which are retailed with relish. The "fancy" of course, comes in for a good deal of attention, and we are brought into the company of such heroes as Tom Cribb, Belcher, and William Pearce, the "Game Chicken." The last Mr. Nevill describes as "a humane and chivalrous man" with "a heart animated by noble and elevated feelings, which even his dissipated habits of life could never deaden or suppress." When Pearce died in 1809 he was succeeded by John Gully, "who, after attaining great celebrity in the ring, took to racing, and finally became a member of Parliament, a colliery proprietor," and the ancestor of Lord Selby. Mr. Nevill writes in an easy style, and his description of the days when the prize-ring and the cock-pit were in esteem are full of entertainment.

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Gribble was to be expected, and "The Love Affairs of Lord Byron" (Nash, 15s. net) is neither better nor worse than the many other volumes, discussing the loves of men and women of letters, which Mr. Gribble has compiled. From Mary Duff and Mary Chaworth to the Countess Guiccioli, the sordid tale of Byron's affairs of the heart is retold, and the story is neither edifying to the reader nor does it redound to the poet's credit. There was little real romance in Byron's dealings with women. They sometimes captured his senses, though more often it was his vanity that was engaged. His one great passion was that for Mary Chaworth. Lady Caroline Lamb and others who threw themselves at him may have helped to shape the philosophy that found expression in "Don Juan"; but they never made him feel what Musset felt for George Sand or Mirabeau for Sophie de Monnier. On one matter Mr. Gribble does some service to Byron's memory. By the aid of Hobhouse's "Recollections" and Mr. Edgumbe's recent volume, he has been able to present evidence against the vile charge made by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and supported by the late Lord Lovelace, in a way that leaves little doubt in reasonable minds that Byron was innocent.

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THE monetary situation has not improved, although it is expected that Egypt will be able to satisfy a considerable part of India's demand for gold. Excellent trade in the East—in spite of the banking crisis at Shanghai—has been responsible for a considerably larger demand for silver, and perhaps, after all, the Indian speculators who have been cornering that metal at Bombay may be able to get out with profit. The much-talked-of reform in the Chinese currency would also probably mean a real silver standard in that country and the absorption of large quantities of the metal. There has been a good deal of activity in American railways. The Morgan interest has been very bullish, and even induced Wall Street to think it might gain by a Democratic victory, *i.e.*, by the defeat of Roosevelt. But the Rockefeller and Kuhn-Loeb group (almost equally powerful) supported the Republicans. The result has been too sweeping to please any monied interest. Morgans have also been buying up cement companies of late, in order to create a cement trust, and the anticipation of higher prices for cement as a result of this move explains the recent boom in Portland cement shares. I hear conflicting reports about the Persian loan. It is surprising that a good house like Seligman will lend money to such a government at 5 per cent.—the rate at which Chile and Brazil, and even Japan and Russia, have been glad to borrow in recent years. It is amazing that the foreign office should make difficulties with such an offer.



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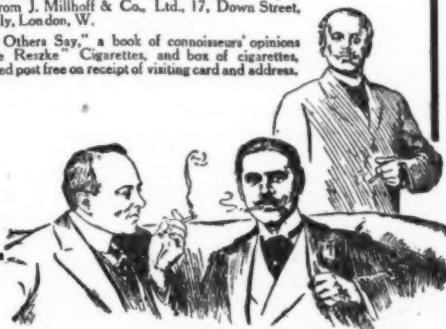
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## Reviews.

### NEW LIGHT ON BIBLE LANGUAGE.\*

PROFESSOR DEISSMANN'S book is a striking illustration of the change that has passed over theological studies, as well as of new and unexpected applications of the archaeological method. Twenty years ago such a work would have been impossible. The materials for it were not in existence, and its very conception was among the things that were yet to be. But the last quarter of a century has brought with it a rich spoil of first-hand records of New Testament times, belonging for the most part to the class amongst whom Christianity arose, and to the countries where its first converts were made. The fragments of papyrus found in the dust-heaps of ancient Egyptian cities have made us acquainted with the everyday life of the peasant and artisan, and with the letters that passed between them; the inscriptions of Asia Minor have thrown a flood of light on the early history of the Church in that country; and even the scribblings on the rocks have helped to fill in the picture of primitive Christianity. Of the new branch of archaeology which has thus been called into existence, Professor Deissmann is the prophet.

His book is a judicious blending of the scientific with the popular. The print is large and clear, and the proportions of the volume are stately. Indeed, they are somewhat too ponderous for convenience, and the ordinary reader would have preferred a book which could be read if held in the hand or packed in a portmanteau. He would willingly have exchanged for this the large type and broad margins, and still more the references to the trip through "Bible-lands" which the author makes with irritating frequency, and, instead of which, we should gladly have had more details on certain points that are merely touched upon here and there. The impressions of the tourist, who is neither an excavator nor a discoverer, are out of place in a scientific work.

The main portion of the book begins with a valuable chapter on the language of the New Testament, as illustrated from the newly discovered texts. Professor Deissmann does not go too far when he maintains that in the light of the new material many of the theories of New Testament criticism will have to be profoundly modified. The Greek of the New Testament was no peculiar linguistic phenomenon; it is now shown to have been little more than the colloquial Greek of the Oriental world in the Roman period, and the words, phrases, and grammatical forms that have been supposed to have originated in it turn out to have been the common property of the Greek-speaking populations of the Apostolic age. It is always dangerous to argue from our ignorance, and especially so in philology; at all events, words and forms which have been confidently asserted to be evidences of a late date are now proved to have been nothing of the kind. Long before they make their appearance in literature proper they are met with in the relics of that part of the population to which most of the New Testament writers belonged.

Whether Professor Deissmann is right in minimising the Semitic element in New Testament Greek is another matter. It is not sufficient to show that a word or idiom is to be found in an Egyptian papyrus or an inscription of Asia Minor or Syria. We should expect to find "Semitisms" in the Greek not only of Syria, but also of Asia Minor and Egypt, in each of which countries there was a large Jewish element, while in Egypt we have also to take account of Coptic, which had a good deal in common with the Semitic languages. The statement that "the Johannine writings, including the Revelation, are also linguistically deep-rooted in the most popular colloquial language" requires modification, if by the "colloquial

language" is meant a Greek unaffected by Semitic influence. It will be necessary, moreover, to distinguish between the colloquial language of different parts of the Greek-speaking world: the colloquial language of Egypt, for instance, could not have been in all respects the same as that of Asia Minor, and one of the future tasks of Professor Deissmann and his fellow-workers will be to determine where we have the dialect of Egypt, of Syria, or of Asia Minor in the writings of the New Testament.

The chapter on "The New Testament as Literature" will probably be considered by most readers the most interesting in the volume; scientifically, however, it is the weakest, as it is difficult, if not impossible, to say exactly where the "non-literary" documents end and literature begins. There is no difficulty about the place occupied by the Epistle to the Hebrews, for example, on the one side, or the Epistle to Philemon and the Third Epistle of St. John on the other; but a considerable proportion of the New Testament books do not so readily fall into line. Professor Deissmann endeavors to meet the difficulty by distinguishing the Letter from the Epistle, the Epistle being literary in form and object, while the Letter, which is the unpremeditated address of one private individual to another, is non-literary. Judged by this criterion, the letters of St. Paul all belong to the non-literary class, as, in fact, do almost all the other New Testament books.

The most important part of Professor Deissmann's work is the long chapter on "Social and Religious History in the New Testament, illustrated from the new Texts." It is full of "fresh light." The use made by St. Paul of the language of magic will be novel to most readers; so, too, will be the illustration of Luke xii. 6 from a recently-discovered fragment of the Edict of Diocletian, which fixes the maximum price of ten sparrows at 3½d. Interpreters of the Apocalypse will be interested to learn that the "Number of the Beast" has its counterpart in scribbles on the walls of Pompeii, where, however, the mystic name concealed under the ciphers is not that of a beast but of a lady. The title of Theologus, or "Divine," applied to the author of the Apocalypse, turns out to be that of a dignitary in Asia Minor in that very cult of the Emperor against which the Apocalypse is a protest. There is much in Professor Deissmann's suggestion that the expression "The Lord's Day" is a reference to the Sebaste, or "Emperor's Day," which was observed in Egypt and Asia Minor. "The Lord" was the title transferred in the East (and later in the West) from the gods to the deified Roman Emperor, and the refusal to bestow it on a man led Christian after Christian to martyrdom. When the Anglican prays for his "Sovereign Lord (the) King," he little thinks that he is repeating a formula which the Christian of the first three centuries would have endured death rather than have pronounced.

Perhaps on no subject have the new texts thrown more light than on that of slavery and manumission. Professor Deissmann has done well to dwell upon this integral factor in ancient civilisation, as the recently acquired facts in regard to it will necessitate a revision of the old dogmatic teaching about redemption, and the current interpretations of St. Paul's views. He says, very justly, that our ideas on the matter have been obscured by the mistranslation of "slave" by "servant." A common mode of manumitting a slave was through his fictitious purchase by a divinity. The owner brought the slave to the temple, and there received from the deity the purchase price which had already been paid into the temple treasury out of the slave's savings. The slave, though technically belonging to the god, then became a free man; but there was generally a condition in the bond that he should continue to live with his old master. In the Jewish formulæ of manumission, from Panticapæum, the enfranchised slave was bound to remain loyal to the synagogue. When it is remembered that a man could be enslaved for debt, in which case the creditor might forgive the debt and destroy the bond, there is no longer any difficulty in understanding the New Testament allusions to

\* "Light from the Ancient East." By Adolf Deissmann. English translation by L. R. M. Strachan. Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.



Christ as God redeeming man from sin and blotting out the "handwriting" that was against him. Slips of wood on which the household accounts were kept have been found in Theban tombs of the second century, with the previous week's accounts similarly "blotted out." The holes in the slips suggest that they may have been suspended on pegs or nails when not wanted for use, and so explain the reference to "nailing to the cross" (Col. ii., 14), to which Professor Deissmann is unable to find a parallel.

The English translation is an admirable piece of work. Indeed, it is more than a translation; it is a new and revised edition of the original. Text and references have been adapted to the needs of an English public, and explanatory notes given where necessary. The indices are among the best ever compiled. Naturally, in a growing subject, new materials have been published since even the English translation was in type. Thus the "Odes of Solomon" have been discovered and edited by Dr. Rendel Harris, and the Nubian texts in the British Museum have been published by Dr. Bridge. The author's theory that the Scriptural quotations on ostraca, or inscribed potsherds and stones, were made by candidates for deacons' orders is confirmed by the fact that we find on many of them "favorite" passages from famous sermons.

A. H. SAYCE.

#### ANDREW BALLADINO.\*

For a writer of faculties and of prose power so unique as those of Mr. Andrew Lang, who was haunted by ballad refrains in the nursery, knew all about the totem in the school-room, and wrote about our literature and that of France with the sunset rays of advanced maturity at the age of twenty-five, to concern himself seriously with the task of clearing Sir Walter Scott from the suspicion of literary dishonesty, is nothing short of a lamentable spectacle. Sir Walter is commonly admitted to be the best gentleman of them all. The hero of Lockhart is already set up on a moral pedestal the height of which is likely to become embarrassing. The one thing needed is to popularise his novels more among the ignorant young of the new generation. Our own affection for Scott's minstrelsy has been blighted for years, we may at once admit, by the partiality of schoolmasters; "Marmion" and holiday-task having been, in days that we wot of, almost synonymous terms. Now one of Scott's kindest traits was the honest literary deception which we all know he practised. How anyone who had read the "Border Minstrelsy" can have ever doubted the authorship of "The Antiquary" is a complete mystery. Yet Scott denied it point blank, for the sheer devilry of the thing. His love of giving history a pinch on the sly at times, when he is to all appearances swaddled in documents of the gravest authenticity, his unblushing violence to chronology, which he uses with a familiarity unrivalled since the days of the Pentateuch—these things constitute one of Scott's most irrefutable charms. If we are now to believe, with Mr. Lang, that he was afflicted with an ague of scrupulosity every time that he laid hands upon a Border ballad, we shall almost have to revise our claim (which God forbid!) to be numbered among those "Lovers of Scott" to whom Mr. Lang expressly dedicates this "trifle." It may be a trifle to Mr. Lang, but it is no trifle to read, and no trifle to stomach, for those who cherish a respectful sympathy for Mr. Lang's chivalric ideals along with a deep love for the amiable foibles of Sir Walter. Scott was a creative genius in fiction (which Mr. Lang, we suppose, in his present mood would call dishonesty), and are we to suppose that the man who invented lowland-Scots Jacobitism would hesitate to fabricate a fag-end of a ballad and ascribe it, if necessary, to the retentive memory of an old lady of ninety? Here is Mr. Lang arguing like a character out of "Les Femmes Savantes," to the extent of nearly one hundred and sixty pages, without a smile or a spark of humor, with a sort of icy politeness of concealed fury rather, to prove that "Auld Maitland" is traditional. In his introduction to the ballad, Sir Walter (but not without a twinkle, we may be sure) observed:—

"This ballad, notwithstanding its present appearance, has a claim to a very high antiquity. It has been preserved by

\* "A Defence of Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy." By Andrew Lang. Longmans. 5s. net.

tradition, and is, perhaps, the most authentic instance of a long and very old poem exclusively thus preserved. It is only known to a few old people upon the sequestered banks of the Ettrick, and is published as written down from the recitation of the mother of Mr. James Hogg, who sings, or rather chants, it with great animation. She learned the ballad from a blind man, who died at the advanced age of ninety, and is said to have been possessed of much traditionary knowledge."

Upon which, some fifty years later, Aytoun commented:—

"My doubt as to the antiquity of this ballad is founded, as all such doubts ought to be, on intrinsic evidence. No man alive can be more fully impressed than I am with the reverence and respect which are due to the opinions of Scott and Leyden, who both considered it to be genuine; nevertheless, my convictions are so strong that it would be cowardice to conceal them. The diction appears to me to be throughout imitative; but what weighs with me most is this—that the ballad is so defective in dramatic construction that I cannot understand how it could have passed into or been maintained by tradition. No ballad can possibly be transmitted orally for centuries unless it has a clear, intelligible story, with a main plot, to which all the accessories tend."

In other words, it must aid the reciter's memory, which "Auld Maitland" conspicuously does not. Why? Because it was never made for recitation.

In describing the passion into which Mr. Lang appears to have worked himself up over this "trifle," it is only fair to mention that the genesis of his wrath is not an affair of yesterday. He has had many a joust on behalf of the old one ere he subsided into his present Gummidgean vein. He ascribes the ballad, unless we mistake, to the era of Lucy of Lammermoor, but he insists on materials of legendary antiquity. His ire was aroused by the exclusion of Maitland from the Golden Book of the Ballad Tribe (limited to some 300), drawn up by Child and edited by Kittredge. The immediate victim of his frozen irony and polite invective is Colonel Elliott, who has had the audacity to maintain that Scott saw through the old lady and the blind farmer from the beginning, that he detected Hogg in the act of forging "Auld Maitland," and decided to go snacks, and share the spoil. The book cited ("Further Essays") appears to be merely one of Colonel Elliott's iniquities, but we have not been able to see it or any of its predecessors. There are no works in the British Museum under the reference cited by Mr. Lang. This should alleviate his anxiety and convince him that the poison has not yet penetrated very far. The real grief outstanding, we can but assume, is the excommunication of the "auld ane" in America. The harmless reviewer may well be excused for asking what all this pother is about! If, as the defendant maintains, the ballad "sent son vieux temps," can we be blamed for asserting, with Trissotin, "Elle a pour les pedants de merveilleux appas"? From Scott's own vivacious description of how Oldbuck listened to the recitation of old Elspeth, with his finger on the latch and his red pocket-book handy, we gather that he would always allow himself plenty of latitude; and we must at least be prepared to treat an eighteenth-century text of an ancient fragment as leniently as a Gothic restoration by Pugin. It is the same Quixotic sensitiveness which has driven Mr. Lang to contest, but not to confute, the history and the humor of M. Anatole France, when the latter insists in all kindness that Joan of Arc can hardly have been another Dunois or Gaston de Foix, and that she did not really save France, merely because you cannot save an ox from a pike, however long the jack's teeth may be.

It seems to us that Mr. Lang has fallen, and is falling more and more, into one of the worst mistakes an historian can make—into the fallacy that, if you only multiply details enough, you can dispense with the judge and jury element in history altogether. Apply this element in the present case, and what will be our main conclusions? First, that the exact position of "Auld Maitland" can never be decided from internal evidence alone, and that it really does not matter in the least one way or the other. Secondly, that no one could be more astonished or amused at this attempt to defend him from himself than Sir Walter himself. Thirdly, that Mr. Lang could not have chosen an odder place than this for demonstrating how securely an "auld" ballad may be faked by a skilled hand. At the end of this volume, by way of a parting kick at the Colonel, he fakes three masterly ballads, and defies Kittredge, Gummere, *et id genus omne*, to detect an anachronism or technical flaw in any one of them. He would do far better to "make a ballad" than a book out of an adversary!

## A DESERT HOLIDAY.\*

For thousands of years the source of the Nile and the origin of its annual inundation were profound mysteries among mankind. It is not yet fifty years since those mysteries were solved, but already both the source and the origin of the inundation have become tourist resorts. You need no longer starve or be thirsty on the way to Victoria Nyanza, and there is no more trouble in visiting the Mountains of the Moon than our grandfathers had in visiting Mont Blanc. Whether the Nile, the mountains, or ourselves have gained by these facilities is a difficult question which does not concern Sir Frederick Treves in this story of his pleasant little trip. His book does not pretend to go beyond its title. It is an account of Uganda as a holiday resort for people who can afford the time and money to go, and it is written in the easy and rambling style that suits the tourist. It even begins with the train journey to Marseilles, tells us all about Aden, and no more allows us to lose our way than a good guide-book.

After getting away from Mombasa, we are taken up the familiar railway through Nairobi to the great lake, and on the way we are told again the story of the two lions of Tsavo. They have been dead twelve years, and it seems almost time to let them rest; but they have become part of the railway's tradition, and whenever the Tsavo is crossed, someone in the train will mention them again. We can only be thankful that Sir Frederick Treves has fixed the number of their victims at twenty-eight Indian coolies, though he still quotes the mythological addition of "scores of unfortunate natives of whom no official record was kept." But we are still more thankful to him for his protest against the sportsmen who are so fast exterminating the beautiful animal life of all Africa.

"The big game shooter," he writes, "comes out to obtain a 'set of heads' for his billiard-room, and these heads, with an appropriate narrative of adventure for each, must be forthcoming, even if he has to resort to the common practice of completing the 'set' by purchase at Aden."

In illustration of the sportsman's ways he repeats Sir Harry Johnston's account of the two big-game hunters who went to the Sese islands on the lake, and shot fifty of the scarce animal known as Speke's tragelaph, "for no other purpose apparently than the mere pleasure of slaughtering a rare and defenceless animal."

Speaking of the rhino, Sir Frederick has a passage which, perhaps, betrays a certain political bias:—

"The rhinoceros," he writes, "is the embodiment of blind conservatism. Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has, however, two marked qualities—combativeness and a sense of smell. It is aroused to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. . . . For like reasons this self-opinionated animal has charged a train on the Uganda Railway and has done much damage to the fabric."

The rhino's motive is not, however, invariably his hatred of innovation, for experienced hunters have assured the present reviewer in Central Africa that they have known him charge his own spoor.

We like the author's account of the hippos, too, that delight to wallow in the soda lake of Nakuru, where the alkaline solution is so caustic that it is used for stripping paint off doors. Who would not be a wiser and a better man for a skin like that? But, indeed, the paltry skin of the white man will never allow him to enjoy Africa to the full. Even on the uplands round Nairobi, where the altitude and the absence of mosquitoes seem to have made a white man's country with a climate like an English summer—even there Sir Frederick found that the equatorial sun, combined with the high altitude, produces "a disturbance of the nervous system, whereby the individual becomes 'neurotic,' irritable, moody, fanciful, and possibly melancholic." Nor is it true, as was once believed, that a white skin saves from sleeping sickness. Certainly, as Sir Frederick says, the tsetse fly that conveys the sickness prefers a black or brown skin to a white. Perhaps this partiality is due to its peculiar objection to light or brightness in any form, though it takes its meals of blood by day. But, in any case, the present reviewer has seen quite decently white men dying of the sickness. He has also seen both black and white suffering from the inter-

mediate stages that come in the months between the early drowsiness and the final torpor—the stages of convulsive movements, uncontrolled laughter, tears, outcries, and other horrible symptoms of the gradual destruction of the power over emotions, not usually connected with sleeping sickness in the common ideas of it, nor mentioned in this volume.

One curious point observed by Sir Frederick is new, as far as we are aware. Among the Kavirondo he noticed that the abdomen of married women is ornamented with curious scars arranged in a crude pattern. Similar scars are, of course, to be seen on the skins of nearly all natives from one side of Africa to the other. Sometimes they may be merely decorative, but usually they are tribal marks, like the broken teeth, or in some manner symbolic of initiation. But in this case, Sir Frederick was told the scars were made "with the generous and unselfish object of securing good fortune to the husband." Before leaving for a perilous journey, the husband would make a few extra cuts on his wife's body to increase his own chances of safety. The scars were, in fact, a kind of insurance policy, for which the woman paid. Certainly, there is no fathoming the depths of African beliefs, but we do not remember to have heard in Africa a parallel instance of vicarious devotion. Yet devotion is hardly the word, for we gather the husband inflicts the scars quite apart from the wife's desire for his safety or return.

## THE PLAYS OF PEACOCK.\*

It would be interesting to know how many readers (or writers) of books could name the author of the following sentences:—

"I have a clean shirt with me, and Luath, and Tacitus. I am in high health and spirits. On the top of Cadair Idris I felt how happy a man may be with a little money and a sane intellect, and reflected with astonishment and pity on the madness of the multitude"

Probably but few; and yet fewer still, when told that they were in a letter from Thomas Love Peacock, would deny that they could have been found nowhere else. They were first printed by Dr. Garnett in the introduction to his edition of Peacock, and are dated, "Machynlleth, April 9, 1811," when Peacock, then twenty-six years old, was walking about Wales after leaving his "lovely friend," Jane Gruffydd, eight years later his wife. He was at this time the unknown, though not anonymous, author of several books of verse, of several prologues written for plays, and probably of some, if not all, of the three little plays now published for the first time. He lived more than fifty years after 1811, but was always the man, and nothing but the man, so clearly defined by the words penned at Machynlleth—with this exception, that the death of his mother, when she was seventy-nine and he forty-eight, broke him with grief, and he afterwards "wrote nothing of value, as his heart was not in the work." But this isolated fact, however significant if we knew more of the man, cannot be related to his books. These might all have been written "to make a stand against the encroachments of black bile," as he perceived it in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." No more classically imperturbable impersonality and detachment in style can be met in their time than in the books of this gentleman, with his Tacitus, his sufficient money, his good health, and his sane intellect, reflecting with astonishment and pity, but with more pity than astonishment, on the madness of the multitude.

It is impersonality of manner, not of essence. It is the impersonality of old-fashioned ceremony which might obscure for the moment an infinite diversity of character. When Peacock wrote any poetry but a song, he carried this impersonality and detachment too far, and the best he can do is to put us to sleep with his harps that

"Pour the impassioned strain along."

He came near, we should say, to carrying it too far in the letter which he wrote to Jane Gruffydd, after the separation of eight years, to propose marriage. Even in his tales we have sometimes felt that we were admiring his manner rather perversely, because it is so unlike anything of to-day. We to-day are enjoying the miraculous draught of particu-

\* "Uganda for a Holiday." By Sir Frederick Treves. Smith, Elder. 9s. net.

\* "The Plays of Thomas Love Peacock." Published for the first time. Edited by A. B. Young, M.A., Ph.D. David Nutt. 2s. net.



larity and personality which could not have been foretold in Peacock's day, and it can scarcely be for any other good reason that we accept, or even admire, his way of giving the quintessence of things, as in:—

"The vale contracted as they advanced, and, when they had passed the termination of the lake, their road wound along a narrow and romantic pass, through the middle of which an impetuous torrent dashed over vast fragments of stone. The pass was bordered on both sides by perpendicular rocks, broken into the wildest forms of fantastic magnificence—"

or in a phrase like "after a moderate lapse of time," or a single sentence like "The spirit of the Cymric female, vigilant and energetic in peril, disposed her and her attendant maidens to use their best exertions for their own preservation." Even his always praised "War Song of Dinas Fawr" is but the "quintessence" of all war songs, he says himself. This dryness may become almost offensive, as in "The conversation that took place when the wine was in circulation, and the ladies were withdrawn, we shall report with our usual scrupulous fidelity." He has struck us even—the confession needs courage—as almost brutal in his description of the defenders of Dinas Fawr tumbling over the cliff into the Towy, "where the conjoint weight of their armor and their liquor carried them at once to the bottom"; it would be brutal if it were not so utterly detached from physical life. But, then, how admirable this same quality is when he looks down, as from Cader Idris, and, seeing only the miniature and distant quintessence of things, can write:—

"The lady's fortune disappeared in the first year; love, by a natural consequence, disappeared in the second; the Irishman himself, by a still more natural consequence, disappeared in the third. . . ."

Or

"Gwythno, like other kings, found the business of governing too light a matter to fill up the vacancy of either his time or his head, and took to the more solid pursuits of harping and singing; not forgetting feasting, in which he was glorious; nor hunting, wherein he was mighty. His several pursuits composed a very harmonious triad. The chase conduced to the good cheer of the feast, and to the good appetite which consumed it; the feast inspired the song; and the song gladdened the feast and celebrated the chase."

We admire Peacock as children admire a man who goes calmly about his craft or toil with good nature but also with complete indifference to themselves. Such passages as these—in fact, all of "The Misfortunes of Elphin" and "Crotchet Castle," for example—put us, as human beings, beyond the capacity for cavil, and raise us for an hour to those thin altitudes whence Whig and Tory are equally, though not indistinguishably, absurd. A very little exaggeration of this polite and unfeeling style—a style which is the man by reason partly of a preliminary concealment—takes it into the realm of the ridiculous, when he wants such for a character like Cranium, who preserves the potato because "I know that the farinaceous qualities of the potato will tend to preserve the great requisites of unity and coalescence in the various constituent portions of my animal republic." The very flaws in his construction were due to this cool geniality of indifference. Such was his habit of introducing dialogue, printed exactly like a scrap from a play, in the midst of narrative. These dialogues, whether so printed or not, not only contain some of his most cheerful writing, as in the characters of Listless and his valet, Fatout, but might rouse a suspicion that they were only chips from the workshop of a too languid playwright. These three plays dispel the suspicion. The two that are humorous are pure farce, and at least prove the writer's high spirits, but in having, as Mr. Young says, "more action and far less criticism" than the tales, they are scarcely Peacock at all, though the characters include a Chromatic, a Paxarett, a Marmaduke Milestone, and a Humphry Hippy. The serious play is in unreadable blank verse—Mr. Young sees in it "possibly a veiled allusion" to Shelley, Harriet and Mary Godwin, in spite of the fact that it ends with the death of the intervening and illicit beauty, and the sordid triumph of the hero and his first and legal love. The songs are well finished, but never rise far in the second class of Peacock's verses.

## THE TOILERS.\*

THE democratic reader—and what reader nowadays is not democratic?—will read with interest Mrs. Pennell's carefully observed studies of the London general servant. Her book is well timed. Popular attention, deflected for the moment from its admiring contemplation of the smart set, is eagerly peering into the secrets of workhouse, factory, and gaol; high art takes its models from the back kitchen; the modern Romeo cleans the boots and knives, and Juliet sews on trouser-buttons at a halfpenny the hundred. Such a mood, however discouraging to the aesthete, must be warmly welcomed by the humanitarian. For every extension of the sympathies is a step forward in civilisation, and it is not till the imagination of the public has been captured that there can be any certain hope of practical reform.

Mrs. Pennell, like Messrs. Gissing, Galsworthy, and Wells, belongs to the uncomfortable class of writer who disturb the tranquillity of the well-nourished philosopher in the easy chair. Not that her intention is in any degree didactic; she has merely taken note for her own amusement of the domestic experiences common to the London householder on small means. Yet the effect is no less forcible from the fact that it is achieved unconsciously. What value, we wonder, has the universe to the "slavey," and how does the life of the woman who supports a family on seven shillings a week justify our belief that this is the best of all possible worlds? Of the eight women whose careers are chronicled by Mrs. Pennell, only one—and that one of the most disreputable—achieves anything like prosperity. The most respectable and the hardest working die in utter destitution. Old age, with its painful infirmities, its ever-haunting terror of the workhouse, is a nightmare from which there is no escape but death. The hope of the pension now mercifully mitigates a little of the cruelty of life for the aged poor, but there are still all too many years of toil before the promised five shillings a week is theirs. A day in the life of a charwoman—typical of a thousand—is one that few members of the comfortable classes would care to experience, even on the sunny side of seventy.

"Mrs. Maxfield . . . had a husband much older, who had been paralysed for years. Before she came to me in the morning she had to get him up for the day, give him his breakfast, and leave everything in order for him, and as she lived half-an-hour's walk from our chambers, and never failed to reach them by seven, there was no need to ask how early she had to get up herself. After she left me at eight or nine or ten in the evening and after her half-hour's walk back, she had to prepare his supper and put him to bed, and again I did not have to ask how late she put her own weary self there."

Working harder in her old age than she had ever in her youth, possessing to the full the virtues of sobriety, industry and economy, "the best she could hope for was to keep body and soul together for her husband and herself, and a little corner they could call their own."

Unremitting toil has, at any rate, one advantage—it acts as a soporific to the mind. The woman who works fourteen hours a day has no time to discover the worthlessness of her existence. Life, it seems, with its inseparable accompaniments of hunger, sickness, pain, and unending drudgery, possesses, even to those who have least capacity for realising its possibilities, a mysterious value, which makes it seem a better thing than rest. "Oh, I'm bonny, ma'am, I'm bonny; I can cut about, you'll see!" wails over and over again Mrs. Pennell's broken-down old charwoman, dying by inches of a painful disease. Only give her a little time, and she will be up and working harder again than ever! Truly it is to the poor that we must turn for example in the irrational virtues—patience, long-sufferingness, and indomitable hope.

Mrs. Pennell, unlike the mistresses of large establishments and a retinue of servants, is on terms of great intimacy with those who do her work. She sees the human being in the housemaid, and it is almost as much from the standpoint of philanthropy as gastronomy that she engages her cook. This element of charity—so we shall be assured by the prudent housekeeper—is fatal to the working of a flawless *ménage*: the needy orphan burns the mutton chop, and the tremblings of deserving age are frail custodians of crockery. There is undoubtedly much truth in this. Mrs. Pennell tells us of frequent occasions when she has suffered

\* "Our House." By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.



serious inconveniences from her servants; when they are sick (or intoxicated), she has had to do their work; when unable to provide for themselves, she has frequently provided for them. All this is very demoralising and un-English. But then, Mrs. Pennell hails from the land where travellers are called by telephone, boots blacked by machinery, and the servant—in theory, at least—is the equal of the master.

It would seem at first sight a simple matter to describe the humble individuals who are the objects of our daily experience. Yet the psychology of the "general," rudimentary as it may appear, does not yield itself to interpretation at first touch. We must learn to submit with all the patience we can muster to her incompetence, her ailments, and her loquacity, before we can hope to get inside her soul. Mrs. Pennell, not so sensitive that she shrinks from her, yet sensitive enough to understand her, has drawn for us a real portrait of the hard-working woman with the mop and pail, whose dreary round of monotonous labor is all that she can hope to know of life. Her sketch of Clementine seems to us a masterpiece.

#### POPE AND COUNCIL.\*

THE common estimate of the Middle Ages floats between the extremes of disparagement and of admiration. Both are equally unreasonable. It was Dr. Samuel Maitland, the grandfather of the more famous Professor, and librarian to Archbishop Howley, who more than any one English writer destroyed the legend which depicted the Dark Ages, as they were then called, as unredeemably black. The Homilies spoke of the "damnable pit of idolatry" in which Christendom had been plunged for more than a thousand years. The average Englishman, taking rhetoric of this kind for history, was convinced, not without difficulty, that the view which it embodied was one-sided. It is to be wished that he had stopped here. Unfortunately, under the guidance of Romantic, Tractarian, and Neo-Catholic writers, he took up with a still more inaccurate perspective, in which medieval religion and civilisation appeared the last and finest growth of human nature, an ideal for later ages to imitate, a standard to which to return. This was the standpoint of the ingenious author of "Mores Catholici" and "The Broadstone of Honor"; it is represented to-day by Dr. Gasquet, whose knowledge of the period gives his works an authority deserved in many respects, and by an energetic group of writers of the Catholic and High Anglican schools. What it gives us is history idealised out of all relation to fact. And such history is not only false, but mischievous. For, if we view—and we cannot but view—the present as standing in essential relation to the past, a misconception of the one reacts on the other: the questions of to-day are seen out of focus because the facts of yesterday have been mis-stated and mis-read. History has no more urgent need than that of an objective, or scientific, treatment of the Middle Ages. Mr. Coulton's work in this field has an importance which it is difficult to over-estimate; and Mr. Kitts's scholarly and judicious study of the Conciliar movement up to 1415, which is planned on the same lines, deserves a cordial welcome. It is at once readable and thorough. A certain over-crowding of the canvas is perhaps inevitable, in view of the amount of ground covered; but the interest is sustained and the portraiture vivid. One or two Germanisms may be noticed—e.g., "reading" mass, and the Apostolic "stool."

It is one of the ironies of life that ecclesiastically minded persons should idealise the Middle Ages. Mr. Andrew Lang's amusing story, "In the Wrong Paradise," describes the misadventures of an unathletic photographer with æsthetic tendencies who found himself transplanted into the civilisation of ancient Greece. The unfortunate man could neither box nor wrestle, swim nor dive. He was amazed and disgusted by his surroundings, and heartily wished himself back in his studio in the Marylebone Road. The conventional Churchman of to-day would be equally out of his element in the Middle Ages. The times were boisterous. Were he set down in them, his sense of decorum would receive a succession of shocks which might result—who knows?—in a reluctant and sombre acquiescence in the more conventional atmosphere of the Reformed Church.

\*"Pope John the Twenty-Third, and Master John Hus of Bohemia." By Eustace J. Kitts. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

On May 17th, 1410, Baldassare Cossa became Pope under the title of John XXIII. He had begun life as a pirate, and had been a successful soldier; he had not proceeded beyond deacon's orders, and was a layman in all but name. It was said, truly or falsely, that he had never confessed or received the communion, and that he disbelieved in the future life. This singular successor of St. Peter was at least no hypocrite. "The tedious masses bored him, and he cut them short; he was not exact in his pontifical dress; and he was apt to indulge in unseemly levity." He was not the ruffian that Dietrich van Niem paints him. There have been worse Popes and worse men. But he was uniquely unclerical; his place was not St. Peter's Chair. It was the vices of the Popes that gave rise to the Conciliar movement, which is so prominent a feature of the fifteenth century: reform was in the air. The pressure of the Papacy was politico-ecclesiastical rather than religious: nothing is more misleading than to attribute to medieval Churchmen the beliefs of *Romano Pontifice* entertained by the Roman Church to-day. The friction between the spiritual and the secular power was incessant. Under a strong Pope the former, under a strong Emperor the latter, prevailed. A succession of great Popes would, in all probability, have made the ideal theocracy of Roman canonists a fact. It would have been a fact so disastrous for Europe that we may be thankful for the Cossas, the Borgias, and the Medicis. They were the scandal of the Church; but they saved that larger Church—European civilisation—and made the modern world possible; the vices of the clergy have been an asset in the development of mankind.

The Conciliar movement was a premature attempt at the Reformation of the Church in head and members. This attempt commended itself to the best elements of medieval society—to religion, to learning, to the civil power, to national sentiment. But it failed—and deservedly. For the Catholic conception of the Church the Papacy is necessary; or, to put the idea in scriptural language, "it must needs be that offences come." Nor can their natural course be arrested; not till they have produced their fruit to the full can they be taken away. The Papacy had centuries to run. Given the institutional view of Christianity—and no one then questioned it—to change one Pope at a distance for a multitude of Popes close at hand would have been at once an unworkable and a retrograde step. The Cyprianic view of the Episcopate was a transition-concept, on which the world could not go back. No more convincing proof of this could be brought forward than the picture of the Council of Constance as given by Mr. Kitts.

It was a world-fair. "The name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called *Vanity Fair*."

"Musicians, actors, merry-makers, strolling players, and the like, came in their hundreds. There was abundance of public amusement all through the Council; dancing, singing, and music went on all through the day, and far into the night in the squares. There were peasants' plays from the Tyrol, and miracle plays; coursing, tournaments, visiting, and excursions were the order of the day. There being so many ghostly fathers assembled, troops of naughty damsels, light o' love, flocked in from all sides to minister to their pleasures; one report says there were fifteen hundred of them. Dacher counted seven hundred and then discreetly stopped. They lived thirty in a room; they put up in bathrooms or sheds; and those who could find no better lodging were content with the empty wine-butts which lay about in the streets. Women who could sing were special objects of wonder and curiosity. When Sigismund, the 'beadle of the Empire,' was away, business slackened, and pleasure became more rife. The prelates took to making picnics in the neighboring forests; their cooks prepared their food and drink at some shady place in the glades, *neque deerant meretrices*. Every man, even the most severe, could amuse himself at Constance."

It was all curiously childish; a mixture of tinsel, drinking, Church functions, and a somewhat unwashed vice. An epitome of the time; a picture of vivid human interest. But scarcely the *milieu* of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Kitts brings out the scholastic side of the Hus controversy. "John Hus was burned not only because he was a heretic, but also because Wycklif was a Realist. In order to appreciate the point which the Council had to decide upon, it is necessary to describe in outline the theories of the rival schools"—the Realist and the Nominalist. In the matter of the safe-conduct, he acquits Sigismund of treachery:—

"He, and everyone else, knew that he had no jurisdiction in a spiritual court. His safe conduct was intended to ensure safety for Hus and his belongings during his journey to Constance, his residence there, and his return; but it was

intended to give this assurance only against the exercise of unlawful power, not against the exercise of lawful authority."

Neander condemns this interpretation of the document as "sophistical." And rightly. It was an afterthought: the general judgment of contemporaries was with Hus and against the king. The proper course, had Hus been convicted of heresy, would have been to "send him back with the sentence and the evidence against him to the King of Bohemia to be finally dealt with by him and his clergy." The blush of Sigismund when Hus appealed to the safe-conduct is historic. "Ille vero statim vehementer erubuit," says the historian, "atque ejus verecundus tinxerat ora rubor."

#### PROVINCIAL LIFE IN THE FATHERLAND.\*

To study a nation at home is not only the way to understand it best, but also the surest way to sympathise with it. The difficulty is, however, that so few find the time for this sort of study, the time and, what is no less important, the necessary opportunities of penetrating into the more intimate life of the people concerned.

It is one of the merits of "My German Year" that it is the outcome of a very intimate knowledge of the life described, gained by a sojourn which, with occasional interruptions, extended over six years, if not more. The title of the book is so far misleading. It is more than the experience of one year the authoress offers. But the book, on the other hand, does not give all the authoress promises in the preface. She claims to show the typical German life—"the ordinary German life in an ordinary German town"—and to this claim exception must be taken. The picture shown is truly typical, but this only for a limited section of German life.

This is, in itself, no disadvantage. We all know that *qui trop embrasse mal étreint*, and appreciate those miniature pictures which, if not the highest art, have love of detail as their motto. Love of detail, truthfulness in the description of the small things which compose the everyday life of those with whom she lived and had intercourse, is the particular quality of the authoress. Her description of the Karlsruhe *Sociabilities*, of the women of the Karlsruhe *bourgeoisie*, of marriage and married life, of the celebration of Christmas, of theatre and musical life, of educational matters, of certain features of the life of the army—the "coat of many colors"—of the universities, and of many other things, are excellent miniature, and betray the shrewd, observing eye of the educated woman. Many things the author points out would indeed hardly ever have been noticed by a male visitor, or have been explained to him.

Thus we are conducted shopping on the three Sundays before Christmas, with their gradations—the "copper," the "silver," the "golden" Sunday—led through the bustle of the hours of the most important day of the festival, the day before Christmas, and made acquainted with the strange, sentimental mood that creeps into all when "the dawn comes down" and announces that the real Christmas Eve has arrived. For "all over Germany, Christmas Eve, and not Christmas Day, is the great time":—

"At seven o'clock the folding doors are thrown open, and an eager, impatient crowd of old and young swarm through with many 'oh's' and 'ah's' of admiration. And, indeed, our green friend is a magnificent sight. All the lights have been turned out, and only the candles affixed to the broad branches have been left to throw their cheery reflections on the faces which cluster round. One of the twigs has caught fire, and there is a delicious, indescribable 'Tannenduft' which, if you shut your eyes, transports you far away into the heart of the great forest, and further still—back to all the Christmases you have hidden in your memory."

Only a short glance is given to the proud fir-tree. "Eager eyes are wandering round, longing for the table"—i.e., for the presents hidden under white cloths. "But in Germany you must be patient—or, rather, you must allow yourself to be worked up to the highest pitch of excitement by endless procrastinations and delays." Time-honored carols are sung until human nature can bear no more. Then a general rush; present-giving goes on with the confusion of flying paper, bursting strings, exclamations, congratulations, and thanks. An hour passes and dinner is announced, amidst

sounds of satisfaction. The meal is not a very big one; most people prefer to keep the great feast for the following day. For, after the meal is taken, games are played, with mock surprises and other fun, and these over, the younger people improvise dancing; everybody feels, or strives to feel, as happy as can be.

All this is described very gaily and with a convincing delight. One feels the authoress must have enjoyed herself not a little on some such celebrations. "The German Christmas," she writes, "is really happy; there is no make-believe about it. It is the reality of what we call a 'good old English Christmas'—a fable of times long past or never existent." England, she fears, is losing the Spirit of Christmas—"Dickens's legacy." But it is not dead. "It has taken up its home in the simple German hearts, whose warmth and sincerity have kept it alive, until the sad time comes when they too will forget to be simple."

To which it must be added that the time foreseen is perhaps much nearer than the authoress presumes. In the chapter on a sporting expedition in the Black Forest, one of the most enjoyable chapters of the book, much stress is laid on the German's endurance in sporting exertions and his dislike of competitive games in sport. As a matter of fact, competitive sports, with their accompaniment of betting, are perceptibly gaining ground in Germany. A sort of struggle is going on between them and the old non-competitive sports, silently here and with lively discussions there; both sports have their advocates and their opponents. But discussions do not settle these things; it is the character of the social life as a whole which decides in the end, and its actual evolution, the growing industrialism of Germany, the increase of wealth and luxury, favor the competitive sports.

No, Karlsruhe is not the typical German town, and the Grand Duchy of Baden, of which it is the capital but not the principal town, is in several ways an exceptional State of the German Empire. Hardly in any other part of Germany does the railway pass so many small towns and villages with signs of active life in them, as on the long stretch from the Swiss frontier to Mannheim and Weinheim, the most northern towns of the Grand Duchy. Baden has very few big landowners; small and medium farms prevail, and in the low parts of the country, where the soil is often very fertile, you find villages of the most advanced kind, with electric light and other modern contrivances. In the mountainous and hilly parts, the Black Forest and its off-shoots, the population is naturally more thinly distributed, the villages are smaller, and the inhabitants often poorer; but there also you find, on the whole, an intelligent, thriving people. Baden is the German State which made the first attempts at modern constitutional life. In 1848 it was the most unruly State; it had proclaimed the republic, and, in May, 1849, the last fight—the only serious encounter of the people's forces with those of the dynasties—was waged on Badish soil. Somewhere in the woods of the Feldberg, the highest point of the Black Forest, a gun is still buried, as one of the then leaders of the popular forces has years ago, with emotion, confided to the writer of this review. To-day Baden is politically one of the most advanced States of the Empire; the Diet is elected on a fairly democratic franchise, local government is step by step democratised, and if parliamentarism is not established quite in the British fashion, unofficially the constitutional life approaches very near the "republic with the Grand Duke at its head," as the mocking phrase ran in 1848.

To return to Karlsruhe. It is, as said above, the capital, but not the principal town, of Baden. The principal town is Mannheim, with a much larger population, big factories, and a bustling commercial life. The relation of Mannheim to Karlsruhe resembles a little that of Glasgow to Edinburgh. The middle classes, as well as the workers, are differently disposed. In Mannheim, the industrial and commercial spirit rules supreme; in Karlsruhe, the residence of the Court and the central authorities, the place of colleges, and the centre of schools of art, the spirit of officialdom, somewhat tempered by South German ease, prevails in those circles of the middle classes with which our authoress has visibly had most intimate intercourse. The writer paints their virtues and their shortcomings with much insight, and occasionally also with the humor of the outside critic, though she does not escape the prejudices of the *Frau Geheimrat* and the *Frau Major*.

\*"My German Year." By J. A. R. Wylie. Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

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We notice it already in the introductory chapter, when, to prove the claim of Karlsruhe to be typical, she pushes aside, as not typically German, towns with much commerce, like Frankfurt.

The reason she gives for this is the predominance of Jews in the commercial towns. According to this view, towns like Hamburg and Bremen, like Stettin and Danzig, like Leipzig and Breslau, like Cologne and Mannheim, must be regarded as non-typical because of their Jewish element. Now, even in that monster of Frankfurt, the Jews muster not quite seven per cent. of the population. Certainly, in the better-situated middle-classes their proportion is higher—it may be fifteen, or even twenty, per cent. But is it in these classes we must look to find the typical German? Frau Major and Frau Geheimrat may think so, but it is a very restricted world which shares this conception.

And in a very restricted world only will, e.g., the appreciation of the Corps-Studenten, which the authoress has imbibed in Karlsruhe society, be accepted. According to what she describes and says, the Corps would represent the pick of the university students, not only in regard to birth and connections, but also in manners, morals, and all other virtues. Next to the Corps come the Burschenschaften, with less refined morals, whilst the Wilden—the students who wear no colors and take no part in the fighting—are looked upon with dislike and suspicion by the authorities, and this, we are told,

"not altogether without reason. Poles, Jews, doubtful specimens of all nations mix with equally doubtful Germans. . . . The Wilden, who, whilst professing to belong to no particular order, form a union amongst themselves whose motto is freedom—very often licence. The Wilden contain all the elements which afterwards drift—if they are not already there—into the army of red-hot Socialism and worse."

Very savages indeed, those "Wilden." But it was not members of the *Wildenschaft* who, a few months ago, at Bonn, brought, in sheer wantonness, a railway train nearly to destruction, but members of one of the well-mannered aristocratic Corps. Moreover, it is not in the Corps that you find the sections of students with scientific pursuits, but amongst the despised riff-raff called the Wilden.

Altogether our authoress seems to have let herself be considerably imposed upon by the male members of the circles wherein she has moved, a not unnatural thing in German officialdom. She displays a greater discernment where women and certain sections of the poorer classes are concerned. The chapters dealing with the life of the German women and the enjoyments and character of the people of Karlsruhe and minor places of Baden are very readable. They will help to bring the German cousin nearer to the Britisher, who reads so much superficial trash about him, and, if he visits the country, has rarely time and opportunity for seeing much of the real life, so that he runs the risk of returning home more prejudiced than before. There are, of course, certain features of German family life almost everywhere the same as seen by the authoress. Yet it is to be desired that the more reserved North may also find its sympathetic interpreter. If Miss Wylie shows (sometimes a little too impressively), on the example of the South German, that one can lead a happy and intellectual life outside of the United Kingdom and its domains, a close investigation of social life in the commercial and industrial North may recommend this district all the more because the economic conditions resemble very closely those of the populous centres of Great Britain. *Introite, nam et hic dii sunt.*

ED. BERNSTEIN.

#### ARISTOPHANES.\*

CLOSE upon Mr. Rogers's edition of the "Acharnians," which was reviewed in these columns, follows a volume on that masterpiece of political satire, "The Knights," which inspires us with the hope that the remaining plays may see the light within a reasonable limit of time. It needs

\*"The Knights of Aristophanes." The Greek Text revised, with a translation into corresponding metres, introduction and commentary. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., Hon. Litt.D. Bell. 10s. 6d. net.

not to be said that Mr. Rogers is as happy as usual in his rendering of the original—the coarse jests of the rival "mud-slingers," Cleon and the Sausage-seller, are rendered palatable by ingenious *tours de force*, the fragments of exquisite lyric in which Aristophanes soars high above the mire of conventional ribaldry are charmingly rendered, and the *verve* and swing of the Parabasis find their equivalent in Mr. Rogers's masculine trochaics. As a specimen of the translation, we may take the invocation of Poseidon (lines 550 ff.):—

"Dread Poseidon, the Horseman's King,  
Thou who lovest the brazen clash,  
Clash and neighing of war-like steeds;  
Pleased to watch where the trireme speeds  
Purple-beaked, to the oar's long swing,  
Winning glory (and pay); but chief  
Where bright youths in their chariots flash  
Racing (coming perchance to grief);  
Cronus's son,  
Throned on Geraestus and Sunium bold.  
Swaying thy dolphins with trident of gold.  
Come, O come, at the call of us;  
Dearest to Phormio thou,  
Yea, and dearest to all of us,  
Dearest to all of us now."

It is hard for a commentator to find new riches in a vein so deeply worked as the "Knights"—within recent years we have had an excellent English edition of the play by Mr. Neil, following close on that of Van Leeuwen. Nevertheless, Mr. Rogers's scholarly taste and sound learning have enabled him to make some permanent contributions to the restoration and understanding of the familiar text. He is sparing of emendation, and not always convincing when he attempts it. Thus, in v. 291, *ὑποτεμοῦμαι τὰς ὁδοὺς σου* will surely stand as a strategical metaphor (cf. Xen. Hell. I. 6, 15, *ὑποτεμόμενος τὸν εἰς Σάμον πλοῖον*) and follows naturally on *περικλῶ σε* in the previous line: *τοὺς πόδας* for *τὰς ὁδοὺς* is an unnecessary change. In the distribution of the speeches, however, Mr. Rogers shows a sure tact. It is clear that Demosthenes (represented, according to the editor, by a parachoregic actor) intervenes in ll. 1,204, 1,254, though this is not recognised either by Mr. Neil or the Oxford editors. We are glad to see the reading *Ἰππερείας* (suggested by Mr. Neil independently) in the text of l. 32: it is clearly right.

The Introduction contains meat for reflection. On pp. xxxiv. ff. Mr. Rogers makes a determined attack on what he considers the main heresy of the New Scholarship—the theory that the "Attic" forms and words, distinguished by the ancient grammarians from those which they term "Hellenic," were the only ones used in Comedy. Mr. Rogers maintains that these "Attic" forms were indeed used only by Attic writers—but that they were used side by side with the "Hellenic" forms. It is true enough that when Moeris says *σεῖσάχθειαν Ἀττικῶς· χρεῶν ἀποκοπήν Ἑλληνικῶς* he does not mean to exclude the latter phrase from Attic writers; but we do not believe that any scholar has been guilty of the "exquisite absurdity" of introducing, say, *σεῖσάχθεια* into the text of the Orators. But the genuine forms of the Attic dialect, as spoken in the days of Aristophanes—clearly to be distinguished from those of the later *κοινή*—are grounded on a securer basis than that afforded by the writings of the *Ἀττικιστῆς*, namely, the Attic inscriptions. The labor of Meisterhans and others has not been fruitless; and we have a right to say that *Ἰππεῖς* is the true Attic plural of *ἵππεύς*, and not *ἱππεῖς*, as Mr. Rogers contends on the authority of the MSS. Here he lags behind the march of scholarship.

An interesting point is raised on p. xvi. f. concerning the supposed "hallucination" of Grote, who repeatedly speaks of an "urgent request" for reinforcements transmitted by Demosthenes from Pylos to Athens. Mr. Rogers is perfectly right in stating that no explicit statement of such a request is to be found in Thucydides, and that in Thuc. IV. 30, *στρατιῶν ἣν ἤγησαν* means the troops for which Cleon asked (as, of course, the commentators take the words). Nevertheless (though neither Mitford nor Thirlwall, as Mr. Rogers reminds us, supposed that any request was made by Demosthenes) recent German critics—Busolt, Beloch, and Eduard Meyer—have been at one in accepting Grote's deduction from the narrative; and the language of the first and last-named arouses grave suspicion that they misinter-



preted Thucydides' words. Busolt quotes the phrase, *σπαρὶὰν ὅν ἡρίσατο*, and adds "Demosthenes hatte also um ganz bestimmte Streitkräfte gebeten"; Meyer says that Cleon brought to Demosthenes "die Truppen die er gefordert hatte" (he seems to assume that the two were in close communication, and that Cleon voiced the demand of Demosthenes for light-armed troops). We are glad that Mr. Rogers has not fallen into the same error; and we look to his robust common sense and feeling for language to save us from many such if the gods grant him a long life.

#### A CLASSIC MOUNTAINEER.\*

THE pioneers of the Alps knew themselves to be a small and much-despised sect, and realised that mountaineering was on its trial. They, of course, knew that it was no mere physical pleasure, still less a desire for notoriety, that drew them to the Alps, but rather the conviction that there alone could they taste the fulness of life. And it is to the enthusiasm with which they described the broad features common to every climb that their work owes its charm. To-day the need for counsel is supposed to have disappeared. Mountaineering literature is not written for the public, but for an esoteric circle that need no message of the common things of the hills, dawn, sunset, the night beneath the stars, and the joy of the summit. The sporting side has become all too prominent. Mountaineering has evolved a jargon incomprehensible to the many, and the young climber is apt to prefer the tenth variation of Route B up a Welsh crag to a "tedious grind" among the mystery of the Mont Blanc snowfields. And yet, so long as the old misunderstandings survive, there is still room for a simple story of a day among the mountains. Let us quote the words of one who, shortly after they had been written, slept among the mountains to which he had ungrudgingly yielded his life.

"Until men are found to say what they pluck from danger and discomfort, what they have found of beauty and delight, we shall not have an account of a climb which those who have shared the experience will acknowledge to be no more than the truth, and those who have not will accept as a worthy vindication of our creed, for the faith of a mountaineer is that a life lost in the legitimate pursuit of our aims is not a life thrown away, but the forfeit of a stake set for an exceeding great reward, the rendering up of a soul to the hills that made it a worthy sacrifice."

To the layman this faith may seem somewhat fanatic, but Mr. Larden's book may help him to understand the power, if not actually to hear that irresistible call of the snows. For these recollections are a return to the earlier and happier manner of the pioneers. This is the simple story of one of "those men who owe most to the mountains—for surely a tired schoolmaster is one of them." It tells of no daring first ascents, of no cragwork verging on the unjustifiable (Mr. Larden earns the sympathy of those who have wrestled in the Javelle crack, when he admits that, at fifty-two, the climb was beyond his powers). This book is the worthy apology of one of many old mountaineers, who return year by year to the hills from which come help and inspiration for daily drudgery, who, among the unchanging cliffs, find that rest for the heavy laden which others seek among the ever-changing creeds.

Mr. Larden is a mountaineer rather than a climber. He has methodically set himself to master all those phases of mountaineering which make the craft such a fine intellectual training. He has worked up from the lower hills and easy passes to the great peaks. The novice who "bags" a score of first-class mountains his first season, knows nothing of that joy which awaits those who have served a long apprenticeship. Mr. Larden has studied the possibilities and peculiar dangers of rock, ice, and snow, eventually attaining the high level of competence necessary to lead guideless parties over such summits as the Combin and Collon. Of course, he has had his escapes, for no caution, no experience, can render climbing free from unavoidable risks. Was not the author of the classic work on Alpine dangers killed on the Meije? Some of Mr. Larden's remarks on solitary climbing will provoke criticism, but those who have tried the fascination of lonely scrambles among the silent snows realise that "to climb with a friend is

pleasure, to climb alone is an education." The book concludes with an interesting description of the Wildstrubel on ski.

But perhaps the most attractive feature of the book is the love displayed for every aspect of the Alps. Mr. Frederic Harrison dubbed as a "silly conceit" the superstition that the mountains are the only things worth seeing in Switzerland. Mr. Larden is one of the few who try and learn something of the country, its industrial life, its history and traditions. He is one of those that are welcomed, not as a victim of speculation, but as a friend. The collection of old inscriptions, copied from lonely chalets, shows Mr. Larden's broad interest in the Alps as a whole. For him Switzerland is no "mere gymnasium hired for the holidays by the English."

Mr. Larden makes a brief reference to a leg broken while skiing on the Diablerets. To those who are suddenly cut off from the mountains, life seems a very empty affair. Happily, Mr. Larden will soon be climbing again. May it be years before he has to reconcile himself to the lowlands.

#### THE INTERPRETATION OF DANTE.\*

IT is quite certain that some of Dante's love lyrics are allegorical in the sense that the lady he addresses is Philosophy, and the emotions he describes are those of the baffled, yearning, perplexed, or triumphant student. Such is the poem commented on in the Third Book of the "Convivio" (Mr. Rossetti adheres to the familiar but discredited form "Convito"). On the other hand, very few critics would deny that (apart from the poems inspired by Beatrice) there are other lyrics which must be read as genuine love poems in the ordinary acceptance of the term. But when it comes to the question of assigning the individual poems to one or the other group, there is wide room for difference of judgment. Special interest attaches to the beautiful poem that stands at the head of the Second Book of the "Convivio." This poem—a canzone of sixty-one lines—corresponds exactly in its subject, its movement, its terminology, and its presuppositions, to a sonnet in the "Vita Nuova"; and it is expressly referred by Dante to the same context in his life. But in each work he lays down a system of interpretation, and the second system contradicts the first. In the "Vita Nuova" he declares that the "heart" which pleaded the cause of the Lady of the Window means appetite, and the "soul" which defended the cause of Beatrice means the reason; whereas in the "Convivio" he very expressly and emphatically rejects this system, and declares that "heart" simply means the secret life within, and has no reference to any special faculty of body or soul. Thus, if we are to take Dante at his word, he wrote two poems at the same time, on the same subject, and using the same phraseology, and yet intended the technical terms to be differently interpreted in the two cases. If this is so, the attempt to explain his "allegorical" utterances must be pure divination. For even a key which he himself expressly provides may be accepted, changed, or neglected at the whim of the interpreter, without any breach of his own avowed practice and method. There are other considerations, chronological and so forth, which strengthen the case of those who believe that the interpretation of this poem set forth in the "Convivio" was an after-thought; and that those who wish really to interpret the "Convivio" poem in the sense in which Dante originally meant it, must rely on the literal interpretation suggested in the "Vita Nuova," which is practically contemporary. More is at stake than appears at first sight; for if we are to accept Dante's assertion that this poem is allegorical, the way lies open to a very far-reaching application of the allegorical method, which would profoundly modify our conception of Dante's own mental and moral development, and would subtly react on our æsthetic sense in studying some of the noblest of his lyrics.

Mr. Rossetti has had the happy inspiration of setting face to face on opposite pages the literal translation of this poem and the recasting of it, as far as possible in the same words, but with the substitution of "philosophy" for "lady," "study" for "love," and so forth, so as to enable the reader to read the poem continuously, first as the

\* "Recollections of an Old Mountaineer." By Walter Larden, M.A. Arnold 14s. net.

\* "Dante and His Convito." A Study with Translations. By William Michael Rossetti. Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.



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#### PRINCIPLES OF THE POOR LAW.\*

THE pressure of political wants has, we fear, gone far to crowd out of the public mind the possibilities for a real alleviation of the condition of the poor, opened up by the two Reports of the Commissioners which appeared more than a year ago. We say the two Reports advisedly, for, though the Minority opened up larger questions and suggested new and, we believe, fruitful, principles of State assistance, the Report of the Majority also indicated a marked advance, the more noteworthy when the *personnel* of the Majority is considered, on the ordinary conception of the duty of the State towards the necessitous. How great that advance was may be judged from a little volume entitled "Poor Law Reform, *vid* Tertius: The Case for the Guardians," by Sir William Chance, who is chairman of the "National Committee for Poor Law Reform." We are all of us reformers in these days. If we are conservatively minded in constitutional politics, our zeal is for the "reform" of the House of Lords; if we want to return to old and obsolete methods in London local administration, we are Municipal Reformers; if we are fiscal reactionaries, we style ourselves Tariff Reformers. So we must not quarrel with Sir William Chance over a name, though we find that his *vid* Tertius is not, as the words might suggest, something intermediate between the two Reports, but something which makes the Majority Report appear highly progressive. As a statement of "the case for the Guardians," it is, however, somewhat quaintly conceived, as the author attributes the arrest of the decrease in pauperism since 1892 to "a more lax administration," which is due "to some extent to a deterioration in the class of Poor Law Guardians in London and large urban unions which took place as a direct result of the Local Government Act of 1894." The administration of the Guardians, according to Sir W. Chance, is corrupted by democracy. "Good and capable" citizens "will not lower themselves to obtain seats" by methods which are, unfortunately, adopted by many candidates. "If they do succeed in getting seats upon the Boards, they are disgusted by all they see going on; and if they protest, they may be subjected to gross insults." Such is the case for the Guardians, as stated by their own advocate, and it cannot be said that he is putting it very high. In reality, as is apparent, he is putting the case, not for "the Guardians," but for a particular type of Guardian who had matters pretty much his own way in the 'seventies and 'eighties, but is now left stranded by the flow of the current of public sentiment in a different direction.

Sir William, however, has his own views of Reform, and it is easy to anticipate the lines on which they move. He does not deny the existence of abuses in connection with Outdoor Relief, and he would apply a simple and, indeed, an infallible, remedy. "One absolutely certain way of getting rid of possible abuses is to put an end to the grant of outdoor relief altogether." If a form of relief is entirely suppressed, it clearly cannot be abused. The only question is whether the suppression of Outdoor Relief without the

substitution of a more effective form of public assistance would not aggravate the misery which is now, however inadequately, mitigated; and when Sir William Chance refers us to private charity as the alternative, he speaks at an inconvenient season, while we all have so fresh in our memories the forms of political and social pressure to which private charity can be put. With the Duke of Sutherland's letter fresh in our minds, we may be excused if we think that no class of men and women ought to be left exposed by the State to charity, as the rich and powerful of our day understand the term.

The truth is, as is ably argued by Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their new volume on "English Poor Law Policy," that the centre of gravity of opinion on the question of Poor Relief has been slowly and imperceptibly, but very effectively, shifted since 1834. The main "principle of 1834" was to reduce the responsibility of the State to a minimum. The theory had its historical explanation, even, one may say, its historical justification. The methods of the old Poor Law had reduced a large proportion of the working class in the country to a condition of dependence bordering on serfdom. The main principles of 1834 were to get rid of this false philanthropy, and teach the workman to stand on his own feet. That he might not be wholly capable of standing on his own feet, that economic conditions would in many cases drive his wages down to a subsistence minimum, that industrial and commercial fluctuations would recur which would leave him, however willing, devoid even of the means of earning this subsistence wage, were truths which could not, perhaps, be fully determined except by experiment. But in these days, with the experience of seventy-six years behind us, and with far more full and accurate means of measuring the defects as well as the advantages of our industrial system, we are forced to admit a much closer relation between the individual and the State. To Sir William Chance's little volume Mr. Probert contributes a chapter on "The Problem of Unemployment," which is, to our mind, a striking example of the way in which the teaching of experience can even now be ignored. Mr. Probert finds in the Act of 1905 a principle "entirely contrary to the economic theory upon which our present social system is based." We wish Mr. Probert would state this theory, and would tell us in particular whether it has any connection with ethical theory, and allows any scope for the collective responsibility of the State for its members. Does Mr. Probert maintain (a) that unemployment is due merely to the fault of the unemployed, and never to defects of our industrial organisation, or (b) that for the defects of industrial organisation from which the individual suffers the State owes no moral duty to the suffering individual? If the former, he is in conflict with the clearly established facts of the cyclical and the seasonal fluctuations of industry, to say nothing of those changes of process which ever and anon deprive a whole class permanently of its means of livelihood. If the latter, he maintains a theory of the State which denudes it of the ordinary ethical attributes of its members. The fuller collective responsibility which is felt in our own day is merely one expression of what is, after all eddies and backwaters are allowed for, a flowing tide of feeling, call it religious, ethical, humanitarian, as you will, which makes us more regardful of human misery, more desirous of securing the conditions of a clean and healthy life for all about us. Long experience has shown the limits of private philanthropy in achieving these ends, and the necessity of collective, organised, corporate action. It has shown us, in particular, that some of the root causes of the trouble are not moral or personal, but economic; it has shown that there are inherent in the unregulated competition fever of industry, by which many of us prosper, elements at work which tend to drag others down to poverty. If Mr. Probert means anything by the economic theory on which our system is based, he must be taken to mean the principle of competition. But no sooner do we follow out this analysis to its implications, no sooner do we trace the economic causes of unemployment to permanent conditions in the industrial system, than we become aware of a new responsibility as members of the society that maintains that system. A system, if it is alterable at all, is not alterable by individuals, but by collective effort; for the vices of the system the responsibility is collective, and the duty of finding a remedy for them is a collective duty. That is why the State may recognise a duty to the unemployed without

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From the national point of view, it is all very sad, this galloping destruction of old and beautiful things, despite the efforts of the National Trust and other bodies to preserve them. But the national acquiescence in the process as an "economic necessity" is only emphasised by the few voices of protest that are raised against this or that piece of vandalism. By the inclusion of a short chapter, sketching what is being done by Continental States in regard to the preservation of ancient monuments, Mr. Ditchfield suggests what might be done by ourselves with comparatively little trouble and expense. It seems to us, however, that neither he nor any other writer who has sought to establish the permanent value of our architectural heritage, has laid sufficient stress upon the one argument that can forcibly appeal to this commercially minded age and people—the commercial argument itself. Often one hears it said that historic possessions are a national asset; but how many people realise that their retention and preservation may mean a solid pecuniary gain? If, for instance, this country once came to believe that it would pay, individually and collectively, to exploit that peculiarly English and fascinating product, the old English rural cottage, even as Italy has exploited her art treasures, we should hear less of the "economic necessities" that demand their gradual demolition, and more of the demand for Government intervention in the business of their preservation. This is an era of travel, of sight-seeing, even of interest in historic things. Never were the facilities for studying the latter so abundant. Never were time and distance so easily conquered. It is one of the few redeeming features of the motor-car, that it aids in the work of rapid and far-extending transport. We are behindhand in making a beginning; but is it too late?

Of iconoclasts and their ways, openly destructive or insidiously so—we are thinking of the maladroit restorer—Mr. Ditchfield has many tales to tell. Most of them are rather pathetic sidelights on that "economic necessity"; a few have their humorous sides. One deserves to become historic. A vicar and his churchwardens had determined to pull down their old church and build a new one. So they met in solemn conclave, and passed the following resolutions:—

- (1) That a new church should be built.
- (2) That the *materials* of the old church should be used in the construction of the new.
- (3) That the old church should not be pulled down until the new one be built.

All the same, we consider Mr. Ditchfield bears a little hardly on the restorers of to-day. He gives them little or no credit for being better than their predecessors of the last generation, whereas taste and judgment have undoubtedly improved, and will improve. Yet this slightly pessimistic outlook can hardly be counted as a flaw in a work that is so informative in its facts, and so human in its artistic sympathies. It covers everything that is in danger of vanishing—from castles to cottages, from mansions to municipal buildings, from market crosses to stocks and whipping-posts and old documents, from English customs to English scenery.

Mr. Allen Fea's book embraces a section of the same ground, in that it deals with old houses. The treatment, however, is different, for it is practically a diary of a leisurely tour through the English counties, written, more or less, from the ordinary tourist's point of view. Thus it does not go very deep down into the roots of things; it is content to range over a very large territory, containing a great many old houses, and to pass a few amiable remarks on each of them, with other remarks on "show-house" keepers, and indulgent criticism of "yokels." There is

just a trace of the superior person on holiday about it, which makes one a little glad to turn from the text to the excellent photographs that accompany it.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIES.\*

If Lady Sarah Wilson, with all the advantages afforded by birth, personal charm, and large means, has yet painted a one-sided picture of recent South African history, it must be remembered that the journeys which this volume comprises were personally conducted journeys. She was thrown into contact with the so-called magnates from the first; her intercourse was much with them, and, although she is moderate and tolerably just, all her information and observation seem derived from military men or from financiers. We also note some inaccuracies. Thus we cannot agree with Lady Sarah's "good authority that each burgher (in the force which defeated Jameson) had but six rounds, and that the field guns were without any shells at all. During the night the necessary supply was brought from Pretoria through Johannesburg." The burghers used to carry as much as 200 rounds, and no man would go on commando without a good supply, any more than he would go without at least one horse. Here, too, is not a pleasant note:—

"I one day met Mr. Merriman at lunch as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon. Considerably above the average height, with a slight stoop and grey hair, Mr. Merriman was a man whose appearance from the first claimed interest. . . . Whatever his private feeling was about the English, to me the Finance Minister was very pleasant and friendly. . . . someone happened to mention the word Imperialism. Then he burst out with, 'That word and 'Empire' have been so done to death by every wretched little Jew stockbroker in this country that I am sick of them.'"

Mr. Merriman is a scholar and orator who would adorn any assembly in the world, and "his private feelings about the English," his own people, are probably as generous and loyal as any other Englishman's on the face of the globe. Here and there are touches of insight, such as the following:—  
"It seemed to me that we were not justified in letting loose such a millstream of wretchedness and of destruction, and that the illegal wrongs of a large white population—who, in spite of everything, seemed to prosper and grow rich apace—scarcely justified the sufferings of thousands of innocent individuals."

After wanderings among the Boers, Lady Sarah Wilson found herself in Snyman's laager, where she was treated with much rough courtesy, and shortly afterwards exchanged for a horse-thief and allowed to enter Mafeking. The story of the siege is well known, and we shall only remark that the amount of the available food supply, when General Mahon arrived, is a disputed question. Some maintain there was plenty, some the reverse. If it were not for the photograph reproduced on the page facing p. 158, it might seem inconceivable that the commandant of an improvised place-forte could use so theatrical a dress.

The book is brightly written, but is superficial and hard in tone, and we have noticed a few errors; "tozen" is not the Dutch for thousand, and Madame de Warn's name by her previous marriage was the Marquise Hervé de St. Denys.

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description; he (metaphorically) carried the skull and crossbones embroidered on his red cotton pocket-handkerchief—yet Jack tells him all about the treasure in the fourth chapter!" So it is, *mutatis mutandis*, with the hero and heroine of "Q's" capital tale, "Lady Good-for-Nothing." Here you have the middle of the eighteenth century for time, New England for place, Captain Sir Oliver Hastings Pelham Vyell for hero, and the charming Ruth Josselin for heroine. Ruth is found guilty by the agreeable New England magistracy of shooting birds on the Sabbath—she and her kindred were starving—and on being arrested she had committed the additional outrage of slapping the beadle's face. By consequence, Captain Vyell (an exquisite representative of eighteenth-century Whiggery, beautifully portrayed) sees the poor girl undergoing her punishment: she is being scourged through the streets on her way to the stocks. The Captain interferes with some violence; he then goes before the magistrates and compels them to set him beside Ruth in the stocks. Excellent! It would be impossible to prologize after a better fashion. It is afterwards, when Vyell proposes to marry the girl whom he has rescued and trained that Folly reigns rampant. Ruth begins to weave the silly circle. Nature, the example of the Captain, and the Puritan cat-o'-nine-tails had made her a complete freethinker; consequently, when Vyell speaks of marriage, she begins to run down the efficacy of that sacrament; she does not see the good of the words of the priest. Vyell convinces her against her will; she consents to listen to the priest. Then comes Vyell's turn. To show, one supposes, that he is a genuine freethinker at heart, he engages a blackguardly satyr of a chaplain to give the benediction of the Church; and at the sight of Mr. Silk at the altar, Ruth rushes out. She will not be married by such a man. But, in spite of her follies, one is fond of Ruth; and though she enjoyed many splendors, her later history is pathetic, for, after the Lisbon earthquake, Sir Oliver Vyell "experienced religion"—much to Ruth's disgust—and insisted on marrying her. And at the very end, after Vyell is buried and Ruth is thinking, it would seem, of marrying a sturdy captain in the Navy, she is welcomed by the captain's aged mother with a pious benediction. "Q" does not tell us what Ruth did at this; she must have shed tears of hopeless mortification.

Miss Anne Warner has achieved a great success in "Just Between Themselves." It is difficult to class the book. Farical? Not quite, unless "Rudder Grange" be placed in that category. The story, if it may be called a story, deals with a party of Americans encamped for a few weeks in an hotel on the Harz mountains. They are really quite ordinary people. There are Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, and their boy Bobby; Mr. and Mrs. Ellerslie, and the two "young people" who get engaged at the end of the book. All these people are, as has been said, quite ordinary; the stupidity and essential kindness of the Dunns, the perpetual questions of Bobby, the selfishness and ill-nature of the Ellerslies, and the sheer amiable emptiness of Belden and Grace, are all normal, and set out without exaggeration. And yet one laughs from the first page to the last; and yet again it would be quite difficult to say why one laughs. The fact is, one suspects, that Miss Warner has caught all these people at the exact angle of risibility. She reports their interminable talk about nothing. Mrs. Ellerslie's petty spite, her husband's ill-temper over small discomforts, Bobby's awkward questions, the growing sentiment in Belden's heart, the nervous terror which causes Grace to say at every critical moment: "Look! There's a rabbit"; she tells us of all this with calm lips, but with a half-hidden twinkle in her eye. The result is a perfect comedy of the commonplace; one does not see how it could possibly have been done better.

Zilla Barradell, the heroine of Mr. Machray's exciting book, must be placed in the stocks with "Q's" characters, for the offence of extreme silliness. She had made the acquaintance of Mr. Halliday Browne at a health resort, and was inclined to like him very much. Halliday Browne, indeed, is obviously a "straight" man and a gentleman; he satisfies the reader, as he satisfied Zilla, at a glance. And yet at a breath of rumor, at a second-hand report derived from a person called Ganga Das, she condemns the unfortunate man off-hand and finally; he is a worthless, treacherous wretch; his name is to be blotted for ever from the Barra-

dell calling list. This was extremely foolish conduct, and, of course, it turns out that Halliday Browne was not a treacherous wretch. He was an official of the Intelligence Department of the India Office, and in this capacity he had made things excessively awkward for the Ganga Dases, who endeavor to slay him by methods novel, ingenious, and terrible. Well, the foolishness of Zilla apart, the tale is capital; from the moment when Zilla picks up that curious glass ball by Browne's feet in the hall of the hotel, to the storming of the ship of the Gangas and the Dases at the end of the book, thrill succeeds thrill, and terror strides upon the heels of terror. It is a good scheme, ingeniously worked out; and much the same judgment may be passed on Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's "The Girl from Nowhere." Here, again, the hero is involved with anarchists, English and Russian, but in a different manner. Felix Vanston "went to the bad" when he was quite young, and his badness took the peculiarly dangerous form of joining an Anarchist Brotherhood. Result; two years' imprisonment, to begin with; then a period of unsuccessful literary work (which was probably a severer sentence than that of the Central Criminal Court), and finally the interesting series of incidents which form Mrs. Baillie Reynolds's very entertaining story. The heroine is good, too. Her "entrance," as the actors say, is most effective, and, so far as the writer remembers, original. She throws herself out of a window to escape from her wicked uncle; but instead of falling dead on the railway line beneath, she is "brought up" by the projecting balcony of Felix's window, and duly rescued by that gentleman, who has that instant set his lips to a fatal dose of laudanum. Felix changes his mind about Anarchy, and Veronica Leigh changes her mind, firstly about Felix, and then about his brother; but the ending of the story is a happy one, the Anarchist who tried to make trouble (of the assassinating sort) being hanged in the most satisfactory manner.

It is with regret that one has to state the presence of another Female Fool in "Opal Fire." This time the case is really a bad one. Richard Taverner, the son of a poor gentleman, and Katharine Henfrey, daughter of a rich labor leader, and granddaughter of a "lag" or convict, plight an eternal troth, either to other, in the shadow of the Australian gum-trees. Katharine is sent to a convent, and Richard has fortune to conquer in the face of adversity, and the old Henfrey, an ambitious man, is firm against any entanglement. Consequently, the Reverend Mother of the convent, acting under instructions, stops all letters inward and outward. The years go by; the young people meet again at a Government ball, and, in spite of the Reverend Mother's censorship, the pledge has been kept sacred on either side. Their vows are renewed with greater and more solemn fervor, and again they are parted. Of course, Mr. Henfrey, now Prime Minister, with ambition still growing, stops all letters and cablegrams as before. What did Katharine expect? She had fully realised the reason why she had not heard from Dick at the convent. But, moved partly by the absence of letters, partly by a cutting from a "society" paper, she straightway marries Gilbert Courtlyon, and is unhappy—not quite ever after, but very nearly. Really, this is Heroine's Imbecility (it is fit that the disease should have a name) in a most aggravated form. It is a pity, for there is good work in the book. The tragedy of it—it is an affair of leprosy—is done with great power.

Mrs. Comyns Carr has the courage of her convictions. In the course of writing "By Ways that They Knew Not," she evidently arrived, by ways that we know not, at the conclusion that it did not matter two straws whether Mark Kent, a brilliant and successful barrister, had chambers in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn. Consequently she gives him both addresses. Following up this success, she concluded, it appears, that the exact residence of her heroine was an affair of equally small moment—Dover is suggested, and also Folkestone. And the curious thing is that Mrs. Carr is right in each case: it does not matter where these people lived or worked.

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